

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

No. 1370.—September 3, 1870.

CONTENTS.

1. THE ENGLISH REVOLUTION OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. By Professor Seeley,	<i>Macmillan's Magazine,</i>	579
2. EARL'S DENE. Part X.,	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i>	588
3. SIR THOMAS MORE ON THE POLITICS OF TO-DAY,	<i>Fortnightly Review,</i>	611
4. WHAT FILLS THE STAR-DEPTHS,	<i>Popular Science Review,</i>	618
5. REST,	<i>Cornhill Magazine,</i>	623
6. PRECIOUS AND CURIOUS STONES,	<i>Spectator,</i>	632
7. LUMP VOTING FOR SCHOOL BOARDS,	<i>Spectator,</i>	635
8. A SUMMER TRIP IN 1754,	<i>Pall Mall Gazette,</i>	636
9. WHY ENGLAND OUGHT TO FIGHT FOR BELGIUM,	<i>Spectator.</i>	639

POETRY.

A GENTLEMAN OF THE OLD SCHOOL,	578 SLEEP,	638
CHRIST'S INVITATION,	610	

SHORT ARTICLES.

SACRED MONKEYS OF MADRAS,	587 HARVEST IN FRANCE,	638
WHEAT RUST AND BARBERRY RUST,	610	

NUMBERS OF THE LIVING AGE WANTED. The publishers are in want of Nos. 1179 and 1180 (dated respectively Jan. 5th and Jan. 12th, 1867) of THE LIVING AGE. To subscribers, or others, who will do us the favor to send us either or both of those numbers, we will return an equivalent, either in our publications or in cash, until our wants are supplied.

JUST PUBLISHED AT THIS OFFICE:

THE PORTRAIT IN MY UNCLE'S DINING-ROOM, AND OTHER TALES. CONTENTS: The Portrait in my Uncle's Dining-Room; Olivia's Favour, A Tale of Hallowe'en; Mrs. Merridew's Fortune; Little Miss Deane; Late for the Train. 1 vol. Price 38 cents.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

FOR EIGHT DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage. But we do not prepay postage on less than a year, nor where we have to pay commission for forwarding the money.

Price of the First Series, in Cloth, 36 volumes, 90 dollars.	
" " Second " " 20 " 50 "	
" " Third " " 32 " 80 "	
The Complete Work, 100 " 250 "	

Any Volume Bound, 3 dollars; Unbound, 2 dollars. The sets, or volumes, will be sent at the expense of the publishers.

PREMIUMS FOR CLUBS.

For 5 new subscribers (\$40.), a sixth copy; or a set of HORNE'S INTRODUCTION TO THE BIBLE, unabridged, in 4 large volumes, cloth, price \$10; or any 5 of the back volumes of the LIVING AGE, in numbers, price \$10.

A GENTLEMAN OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

"Leisure is gone . . . fine old Leisure"
GEORGE ELIOT.

He lived in "Farmer George's" day,
When men were less inclined to say
That "Time is Gold," and overlay
With toil their pleasure;
He held some land, and dwelt thereon, —
Where, I forget, — the house is gone;
His Christian name, I think, was John, —
His surname, Leisure.

Reynolds has painted him, — a face
Filled with a fine, old-fashioned grace,
Fresh-coloured, frank, without a trace
Of care to shade it;
The eyes are blue, the hair is drest
In plainest way, — one hand is prest
Deep in a flapped canary vest,
With buds brocaded.

He wears a brown old Brunswick coat,
With silver buttons, — round his throat,
A soft cravat; — in all you note
A by-gone fashion, —
A strangeness, which, to us who shine
In shapely hats, whose coats combine
All harmonies of hue and line,
Inspires compassion.

He lived so long ago, you see;
Men were untravelled then, but we
Like Ariel, post by land and sea,
With careless parting;
He found it quite enough for him
To smoke his pipe in "gardens trim,"
And watch, about the fish-tank's brim,
The swallows darting.

He liked the well-wheel's creaking tongue, —
He liked the thrush that stopped and sung, —
He liked the drone of flies among
His netted peaches;
He liked to watch the sunlight fall
Athwart his ivied orchard wall,
Or pause to catch the cuckoo's call
Beyond the beeches.

His were the times of paint and patch,
And yet no Ranelagh could match
The sober doves that round his thatch
Spread tails and sidled;
He liked their ruffling, puffed content, —
For him their drowsy wheelings meant
More than a Mall of Beaux that bent,
Or Belles that bridled.

Not that, in truth, when life began
He shunned the flutter of the fan;
He, too, had, maybe, "pinked his man"
In beauty's quarrel;
But now his "fervent youth" had flown
Where lost things go; and he was grown
As staid and slow-paced as his own
Old hunter, Sorrel.

Yet still he loved the chace, and held
That no composer's score excelled
The merry horn, when Sweetlip swelled
The jovial riot;
But most his measured words of praise
Caressed the angler's easy ways, —
His idly meditative days, —
His rustic diet.

Not that his "meditating" rose
Beyond a sunny summer doze;
He never troubled his repose
With fruitless prying;
But held, as law for high and low,
What God concedes no man can know,
And smiled away inquiry so,
Without replying.

We read — alas, how much we read! —
The jumbled strifes of creed and creed,
With endless controversies feed
Our groaning tables:
His books — and they sufficed him — were
Cotton's "Montaigne," "The Grave" of Blair.
A "Walton" — much the worse for wear,
And "Æsop's Fables."

One more, — The Bible. Not that he
Had searched its page as deep as we;
No sophistries could make him see
Its slender credit;
It may be that he could not count
The race of Kings to Jesse's fount, —
He liked the "Sermon on the Mount," —
And more, he read it.

Once he had loved, but failed to wed,
A red-cheeked lass who long was dead;
His ways were far too slow, he said,
To quite forget her;
And still when Time had turned him gray,
The earliest hawthorn buds in May
Would find his lingering feet astray,
Where first he met her.

"In Cælo Quies" heads the stone
On Leisure's grave, — now little known,
A tangle of wild rose has grown
So thick across it;
The "Benefactions" still declare
He left the clerk an elbow chair,
And "12 Pence yearly to prepare
A Christmas Posset."

Lie softly, Leisure! Doubtless you,
With too serene a conscience drew
Your placid breath, and slumbered through
The gravest issue;
But we, to whom our creed allows
Scarce space to wipe our weary brows,
Look down upon your narrow house,
Old friend, and miss you!

Saint Pauls Magazine.

A.D.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

THE ENGLISH REVOLUTION OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY PROFESSOR SEELEY.

I.

If I were required to say at what exact date the age of English history in which we are now living began, I should be disposed to mention the year 1829. Certainly about that time began an order of things which seems not yet to have closed. It is true that the Reform Bill of 1867 was of magnitude enough to form the commencement of a new period; and some years hence, when we look back, it is possible that we shall see that it actually did so. But this is not visible yet; that measure remains as yet a cause without consequences; something has happened, we do not yet know what; we have seen the flash, but the report has not yet reached us. Meanwhile we may still regard ourselves as moving under the impulse of the great events that took place forty years ago. At that epoch two or three great events came in quick succession; but I select Catholic Emancipation as the critical one. It was not the first, for the Repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts happened a year earlier; nor was it so striking an event as the Reform Act, which came two years later. But the Repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts was rather ominous than very important; it was the beginning of the end, rather than the end itself. The Reform Bill would make, no doubt, a very good era. It was the installation of the new power. On the other hand, Catholic Emancipation was the abdication of the old one. When, not by hostile majorities in Parliament, but by sheer inability to carry on any longer the government of the empire, the dominant party were forced to surrender the post they had defended so long, and to tell their supporters that the distinctive principle of their rule was incompatible with the safety of life and property, — at that moment a Power passed away, a Reign ended. At that moment, rather than later, the Revolution took place in the public mind.

There was far more noise and commotion in '31, and it was in '31 that the great constitutional change was proposed; but the true moment of revolution is not so much

that in which the new legislation takes place as that in which the conviction becomes universal that a change must come. It is the moment when the balance decidedly inclines to the side of innovation, when a simultaneous despair seizes upon the defenders of the existing *régime*; when they begin to resist rather for honour than for victory; when they plainly recognize their inferiority; when they begin to accustom their thoughts to a new condition of things, and to prepare for the inevitable change. It is not in every revolution that such a moment can be distinguished, and there are sudden political changes which are preceded by no such moment. But when it comes, when it can be discovered, that is the true moment of revolution. It is then that the shock is felt; then comes on the agony of amazement and dismay. Then it is that men's imaginations are shaken, and the time is felt to be out of joint. And in looking back upon the change through which the country passed forty years ago, I seem to find the true revolutionary moment, not when the Reform Bill was brought forward, or when it was passed, but when the Wellington Ministry conceded Catholic Emancipation to avoid civil war.

Let us take this moment as the beginning of the present age, and let us try to discover the principal differences between this age and that which preceded it immediately, or the other great ages of England. There will come a time when this age, too, will belong entirely to history. Another leaf will have been turned in the book of time, and our own age will appear clearly marked, limited, and characterized among the other ages of the life of the nation. What character will it then bear? How will men describe it?

Some periods of history are characterized by repose, and others by activity. How little material do the reigns of the first two Georges, and even the first years of the reign of George III., afford to the historian compared to the corresponding period of the 17th century! — the earlier period fertile of remarkable men and memorable deeds, the later barren of both. But, again, there are periods of activity that are not periods of progress or even of change. No part of English history is more

obscure or inglorious than the period of the Wars of the Roses, yet assuredly it was an age of activity. The period of the Great War with France was not only full of activity, but it was in many respects great and glorious. Nevertheless, it was not a period either of progress or of change. At its close the institutions of the country, with the exception of the National Debt, were just what they had been at its commencement.

Future historians, we may safely say, will not compare our age to the somewhat stagnant period that corresponds to it in the 18th century. It has been, on the whole, a period of activity. It began with revolutionary energy. The Grey Ministry crowded into two years the work of twenty. A temporary lull succeeded. Then followed a decennium rich with the financial reforms of Peel and Cobden, but darkened with distress and Chartist riots, and towards the close with famine and a social revolution in Ireland. The first decade of the second half of the century was a period of reaction over the greater part of Europe. It was the period of Manteuffel and Bach, and of Louis Napoleon in his earlier and worse time. Only in Italy the genius of Cavour made it a period of progress. We, too, paused at this time in the career of change. We were occupied with the Russian war and the Indian mutiny, and at home we allowed Lord Palmerston a tranquil reign. With his death ended our holiday, and we have again learnt to expect almost as our due one mighty change every year.

Ours, then, belongs to the busy or energetic ages, and, further, its energy is of a kind precisely opposite to that of the war-time. We have had no great generals; no laurel-wreaths have been won in our days; nor have we given to any statesman the dictatorial power that was allowed to Pitt. In thrilling incident we can produce nothing comparable to what we read in the history of the war. The age is, therefore, in a certain sense, dull by comparison. Yet in another sort of interest it completely eclipses the former age. If there is less of personal, there is much more of political incident. War and politics are antagonistic to one another, and all the energy which our fathers gave to fighting the French was taken away

from the study of political improvement. In the political history of the country, therefore, the war-time is almost a blank. Eloquence there was, but it had but few topics, and was occupied either in justifying inaction and repression, or in desperate efforts to break the sleep of the nation. The present age has been as fruitful of changes as the former one was barren. Our activity has been directed to producing change as decidedly as that of our fathers was directed to averting and preventing it. Accordingly, though it is probably true that no age has furnished less material for romance than the present, on the other hand no age of English history is more interesting and instructive to the political student. Since the age before it presents nothing but a sharp contrast, where shall we look to find an age which resembles it? Evidently it must be compared to those great ages of reformation which are long past, and in which the institutions of the country were shaped. Our age is the third period of reformation in English history, succeeding to the great periods of the 17th and 16th centuries. Less interesting in the narration than the earlier reformations it must necessarily be, for indeed the progress of civilization tends to make history less and less interesting. The incidents which are most interesting in narrative are those which have to do with death and those which have to do with fighting. The progress of civilization has banished most forms of both from politics. No part of our political affairs are now transacted on Tower Hill or in Smithfield; armed insurrection has ceased to be among the recognized modes of political opposition. The absence of these reduces the history of our time from the interest of a novel of plot and incident to that of a novel of character and manners. But if death and fighting are on the whole evils, are on the whole to be deprecated, we should regard the quiet character of modern change as one of its best features. It will be one of the greatest triumphs of our nation if we can learn the art not only of accomplishing great changes without bloodshed and anarchy, which we have long had the knack of doing, but of so conforming our habits and ways of thinking to perpetual change and

unintermitted improvement, that we may learn to find rest and health in political movement, and may shrink from stationary politics as from stagnation and death.

Another difference in resemblance strikes us when we compare our own age to the age of the Reformation, or to that of the conflict with the Stuarts. It is that the modern political movement affects the national well-being much less profoundly. This is not because the movement is less, but because the national well-being itself has now a far broader basis. Political institutions, or rather those of them which are still liable to be changed, are now less important, and have less depending on them. At one time with the change of the political *régime* everything seemed to change. In particular, science and literature were instantly affected. But now science has become to a considerable extent independent of governments. Governments may still help it forward. They may found Universities or reform them. They may endow it liberally and judiciously. But they cannot in any considerable degree retard it. They can no longer prevent men from inquiring, or suppress the results of their inquiries. For the liberty of inquiry and thought has passed out of the sphere of special institutions, the sum of which is civilization. Still more striking is the freedom of literature in modern times from political trammels. Until the middle of the 18th century, English literature reflected faithfully the principal political changes which took place in the country. Elizabethan literature in its freedom and boldness is the child of the Reformation. The triumph of Puritanism was followed by the closing of the theatres and the breaking of the Shakspearian tradition. The literature of the Restoration reflects the dissoluteness of the restored court. The literature of Queen Anne plainly betrays that the Licensing Act had not been renewed. Walpole's contempt for authors is as plainly written in the "Dunciad," and in Johnson's "London." But now literature and politics have severed their connection, nor can the most repressive and reactionary government that is now possible in England do anything to repress literary genius. The consequence of this is that

the present age is less strikingly contrasted with the last than it might otherwise have been. In old times a period of repression and stern government was wont to be barren of literary achievements, and in other countries it has been so recently. The despotism of the first Napoleon almost killed literature in France, and Napoleon III.'s government has perceptibly injured it. The Tory *régime* in England was not only repressive, for repressive governments have sometimes studiously fostered such literature as is not dangerous to them. But Pitt, while he ruled so sternly, made no such amends to literature; on the contrary, he set the first example of entirely disregarding it. All this would lead us to expect to find the last age exceptionally barren in the department of literature, while the *régime* of liberty and bold innovation which succeeded it would seem calculated to inspire and stimulate literary genius. But it would seem that Pitt's disregard of literature was caused by an instinctive perception that literature had passed entirely beyond the sphere of government, for in point of fact the Tory period appears rather superior than inferior to the period of Reform in literary genius. Although Leigh Hunt was "shut in prison," although Cobbett went to America to escape the Six Acts, yet the age was distinguished by a remarkable constellation of great poets; and what is more striking, these great poets were especially distinguished by daring freedom. At the moment when Government was sternest, and political stagnation apparently most hopeless, England possessed six poets who have been surpassed singly in other periods, and perhaps equalled singly in our own, but who form an absolutely unparalleled combination. In richness, freshness, and force, the poetry of England was at its best in the dullest moment of political obstruction. The age of Liverpool and Sidmouth is the age when there were living together (and if not all writing, yet assuredly not silenced by any political considerations) Wordsworth, Byron, Shelley, Scott, Keats, and Coleridge.

Thus the third Reformation, besides being less rich in tragic and romantic incident, is also less extensive in its operation and results than the other two. In this re-

spect too, civilization, as it advances, makes men happier in proportion as it makes their history less interesting. If it is more striking to see a political change carrying with it a universal change in the habits, manners, and thoughts of men, on the other hand it is far happier for mankind that less should be risked on a single stake; that the field of politics should be more strictly limited; that as many as possible of the liberties of the citizen, and of the blessings of civilization, should be removed out of the list of things debatable; and that, by the contraction of the whole area of political difference and dissension, the distance between the best and worst of possible governments should be made as small as possible.

Let us now proceed to consider what are the evils with which this third Reformation deals. The two former Reformations admit of being described in a very few words. We can say distinctly what was the evil with which the country struggled in the 16th century. It was Popery, as our forefathers called it—a disease of the body politic, which had filled the country with sloth, superstition, and mendicancy. The 17th century also contended with a definite evil. Cavalier and Roundhead, Tory and Whig, contended always on one question. The reformation then gradually wrought destroyed irresponsible government, and relieved the community of the mischiefs that had flowed from this source. These two great movements may be roughly described as movements against Popery and against prerogative. Is it not possible to find some equally short description of the reformation we are now witnessing?

Those who live in the midst of a revolution are tempted to consider it much more comprehensive and universal than it really is. Seeing so many things changed, hearing so much called in question, they suffer the sense of instability to master them, and forget to remark how much at the same time passes utterly unquestioned and unchanged. The first French Revolution seemed to sweep away everything; but when the Revolution of '48 came we saw how much remained to be destroyed, how little of socialism or communism had mixed with the earlier movement, and how those who repudiated God and King had scarcely thought of calling in question the institution of property. Moreover, in such movements much more is said than is really meant; enmity is professed towards all institutions by those who are really hostile only to some; the spirit of innovation exaggerates out of boastful self-confidence as

much as conservatism through fear; not till the first excitement has subsided does it clearly appear how strictly limited the movement which seemed universal really was. When a river is swollen and overflows its banks, we are not to think that it has submerged everything because it may have covered everything within our immediate view, nor are we to think that it has lost its definite direction and been turned permanently into a lake or sea; in all that temporary lake there is still but one narrow strip where the waters are deep, and there they still flow steadily forward.

We constantly hear our own age described vaguely as an age of universal change, an age when no institution is safe from criticism, when everything is on its trial, when one historical landmark after another is passing out of sight, and many similar rhetorical phrases. Certainly the changes that have taken place are numerous; but if, before we excite ourselves by thinking of them, we reckon up how much has remained unchanged, we shall see plainly the inaccuracy of much of this general description. Let us remark, first, how little the great lines of the constitution have altered. It was otherwise in the two earlier Reformations. The revolution of the 16th century greatly increased the power of the Crown, and changed the House of Lords from an ecclesiastical to a secular assembly. The second great revolution broke the power of the Crown, and raised the House of Commons to supremacy in the State. But the present age, in which everything is called in question, has introduced no changes of this kind. The Crown is almost where it was at the beginning of the period, and it is more respected. The House of Lords was weak then, and it is weak now, but it would be hard to show that it has materially declined in influence, and of ten men that have been Prime Ministers during this period five have been peers. The House of Commons was supreme then, and it is supreme now. Now, as then, it has occasional quarrels with the Lords, in which it is generally victorious, and occasional quarrels with the nation, in which it generally has to give way.

The most characteristic and peculiar trait in our Constitution is the relation of the executive to the legislative power. The head of the executive is at the same time the leader of the legislative body. He is called upon to render a strict account of his whole administration to that assembly; he is set up as a target for all the shafts of opposition, and he holds his post on the tenure of retaining the confidence of Par-

liament. So very singular an arrangement — an arrangement which has arisen by an historical process, and which other nations have hitherto had little success in imitating — might seem particularly ill-qualified to abide the pelting of a revolutionary storm. History, like Saturn, swallows her children. I mean, that what has sprung out of special circumstances generally disappears when the circumstances change. Government by a Ministry nominated by the Crown, and deposed by a vote of the House of Commons; this is a system which might seem too artificial to continue unchanged in a period when change is the order of the day. Yet during the last forty years the system has continued without showing any signs of wearing out; it does not appear, as we might expect, to be passing slowly and by successive modifications into something different; on the contrary, it is what it was, and has scarcely undergone even development, much less change.

The framework of government then has been unaltered. Those institutions which are most conspicuous among us continue what they have been. There is another institution which may rather be called fundamental than conspicuous. The institution of private property has been the favourite mark for the assaults of revolutionists in this age. On the Continent the Revolution has long been Socialist. We should expect then to find that in England also, since the age is disposed to innovation, socialistic principles would become rife, and private property would be seriously threatened. And it is true that the exaggerated pretensions of private property, its claim to be something indefeasible, have suffered in the present age, much in the same way that the corresponding claim set up by Government suffered in the 17th century. But beyond this it cannot be said that Socialism has made progress among us. No influential party has adopted it. It is as much in disrepute and disfavour now as it was forty years ago.

It is indeed quite possible, while we consider the curious immobility of some parts of our institutions, while we remark how much still exists and has vitality that was familiar to our fathers, to question the propriety of calling this an age of change at all. Compared with almost any other country, our own may be said to have been at rest. But when again we turn our attention to the alterations which have actually taken place, and endeavour to give some account of them, we are confounded and bewildered by their number, and recognize once more that we have lived through a revolution.

Let me now endeavour to collect into one view the changes that have taken place, in the hope of discovering some principle that links them together.

It is hardly possible to do this without adopting at least some rough classification of the parts of a political system in which changes or reforms may be made. What then will be our principal heads? We will put Government first. And Government will require several subdivisions. There is imperial government and there is municipal. Again, in the imperial government it will be necessary to consider the legislative apart from the executive, and the machinery of administration apart from the executive power itself. Then, passing from government, we shall have to consider the community in the manner in which it is regarded by the political economist, that is, as a society organized for the purpose of creating wealth. Under this head come such subdivisions as agriculture, trade, manufacture. Then comes another aspect of the State, that, namely, which it presents from the point of view of culture. In this aspect the community is a society organized for the purpose of mutual improvement. Under this general head comes education and literature, science, law, and religion.

Beginning then with the government of the country, and considering the legislative power first, what changes do we find to have been made in the present period? There have been two great Reform Bills and two Acts of Emancipation — the Emancipation of the Catholics and that of the Jews. If, instead of merely enumerating these changes, I describe them, I must say that whereas the government of the country was engrossed by a very small minority of the population, it has now been thrown open to the mass; and whereas it was engrossed by Christians of a certain description, it is now open to all without distinction of religion. In municipal government similar changes have been made. Jews have been admitted to corporations, and, by the Municipal Corporation Act of '35, that which the Reform Bill had done for imperial government may be said to have been done for local. The close monopoly of the old freemen has been abolished, and a large franchise substituted for a narrow one.

So much then has been done in Government proper; such are the changes which have been introduced in those assemblies which have the privilege of political volition, and in which resides, properly speaking, political power. But this power moves through particular channels; there is

a machinery of administration as well as an impelling force. There are agents and officials; there are public services, civil and military. Under this head what changes have we to remark? The principal one is the abolition of the system of appointment by interest, and the introduction of the system of competitive examination. This applies principally to the civil service. In the administration of the army no very great change has taken place; but an agitation constantly goes on against the system of purchase, and in favour of a system of promotion by merit.

These changes in government are of great magnitude, and we know that the two Reform Bills, especially the first, cost the State convulsions which threatened anarchy. When we pass from this head and consider the economical history of the period, we find changes not less comprehensive accomplished sometimes in the midst of agitations scarcely less formidable. First came the abolition of the monopoly of the East India Company, and then the introduction of Free Trade, and the slow and gradual expulsion of the principle of protection from our finance. This economical revolution consists in the abdication by the State of its right of applying its authority, and in particular its taxing power, in such a way as to favour particular industries. The State abandoned the right of creating monopolies, whether directly or by the indirect method of protective taxation. It is not necessary to linger upon a matter so well worn in the controversies of the time; but as it is under this head that we meet with the word "monopoly," I pause to observe the importance of this word in the history of the present age. It belongs properly to the department of trade, but it is usefully and naturally applied to many other departments. There is a monopoly of power and a monopoly of office, as well as a monopoly of the market; at least, the language affords no other word that expresses so conveniently the higher generalization.

I turn now to that group of subjects for which I can find no more appropriate general name than "culture." Man may be regarded not merely as a producer of wealth, but as possessed of powers and qualities which are capable of improvement by known processes. His power of reasoning, speaking, and acquiring knowledge may be developed and increased by education; his knowledge itself may be enlarged by science; his sense of justice may be educated, and his disposition to conform to its rules strengthened by law; his habits

and his feelings towards God and man may be improved by morality and religion. To secure these ends a vast number of institutions have been called into existence, which, like government or administration, stand as marks for criticism, and excite approbation in some and dislike in others. In an age of revolutions these institutions also must pass through an ordeal. Let us consider how they have been modified by the influences that have been at work in the present age.

First, then, let us take education. The first thing that strikes us no doubt is that there has been much zeal in this work, and that great exertions have been made to extend and improve it, and to apply properly the funds and endowments by which it is sustained. But what we are looking for is not mere increase or diminution, but change. We are inquiring what new principles of action have been introduced in the present age, and not how much energy has been shown in working upon old ones. From this point of view the most important characteristic of the modern educational movement is the constant and successful opposition that it makes to the ascendancy of the Established Church. The great schools of the country and the universities have been like strongholds of the Church upon which the movement of the age has been constantly directing a hostile attack. An Endowed Schools' Act was passed to admit Dissenters to the benefit of all educational endowments that had not been explicitly intended for the Church. Dissenters have made their way into Oxford and Cambridge, and there is every prospect that the last monopolies of the Church in those universities will before long be yielded up. Meanwhile a new university has been created in England to take away from the Church its monopoly of academic degrees, and in Ireland Government itself has created unsectarian seats of learning. What has been done by these measures for the higher classes it is now proposed by a scheme of National Education to do for the lower, and to take away the monopoly, not of the Established Church only, but of all the churches in education.

But in education there were other ascendancies besides those of the religious bodies. At Oxford and Cambridge the colleges had an ascendancy, against which at the very beginning of this period Sir William Hamilton raised his voice. Connected with the monopoly of the colleges were minor monopolies, appropriating particular colleges to particular schools, particular fellowships to particular counties, &c. Of

this artificial system a great part has been already swept away, and the tide encroaches steadily upon what still remains.

And what is the new movement in education which we have seen rising in these last years, and which gains greater strength every day? It has been discovered that the higher education has been confined to men, and that women have been unjustly excluded from it. Women have been excluded, it is said, from the benefit of endowments intended for the education of both sexes alike; they have been entirely excluded from the universities. The demand grows more and more urgent to give to women an equal share in all educational advantages, to admit them into the schools and colleges of the men, or, if not, to found schools and colleges expressly for them.

In the institutions which exist for the purpose of promoting morality and religion, in the churches of the country, we have witnessed a similar series of aggressions intended to rob the oldest and most splendid among them of its invidious precedence. Not only has it been deprived of its political privileges and of its monopoly in education, but it has been invaded within the sphere of its own special functions. It has lost its monopoly of the marrying power. Its right to tax those outside its own communion for the support of its buildings, after being for many years a bone of contention, was practically surrendered. In Ireland, where it was the church of a minority, after suffering many rude shocks in the beginning of this period, it was deprived at one stroke last year of all its precedence and reduced to the level of the other religious bodies of the country. Nor do the enemies of this ascendancy show signs as yet of pausing in their career, or of being satiated with victory.

Now it can escape no one that all the changes I have been enumerating have a common character. Whether in government, or production, or culture, the tendency shown in these measures is the same; and the evil, or supposed evil, they are intended to remove is always the same evil, which may be described by the word "monopoly" taken in the enlarged sense I mentioned above. But I must, of course, admit that in this enumeration I have passed over several measures of the greatest importance. You will at once call to mind the Abolition of Slavery, the New Poor Law, a multitude of Law Reforms, a complete revolution in the system of Colonial Government, the abolition of the East India Company, and a quantity of legislation for Ireland ending in a Land Bill, the chief

characteristic of which is that, instead of taking away a monopoly, it does something towards creating one. Of these measures, however, some of the most important do not really concern our subject. The movement of affairs in India, and in a less degree in the Colonies, though it may be influenced by the movement of affairs at home, is essentially distinct from it. Our vast empire occasionally requires from us great resolutions and great actions which cannot but stand out conspicuously in our history, but from which very little can be inferred about the movement going on in the English nation itself. Upon such matters the nation does not really move at all, but takes on trust the opinions of those whom it supposes to have given most attention to them. It decides to govern the Colonies in a certain way because successive Colonial Ministers have agreed that it is the best way. It abolishes the East India Company, because those who have had experience say that the system is cumbrous and inconvenient. Nor can our legislation for Ireland be taken as an expression of the tendency of legislation in England. It is true, as I shall show in another lecture, that the progress of affairs in Ireland has had a most remarkable influence upon the English movement, and indeed the crusade against monopolies which we have remarked in England has gone on even more hotly in Ireland. Still many things have been done in that country on the ground of its exceptional exigencies which are in no way indicative of the general spirit of the age; especially the Land Bill of the present year, which, though one of the greatest measures of the period, is in no way characteristic of the period; its leading defenders have admitted without reserve that, considered by itself, it might seem a retrogressive measure and have justified it as a concession to an extreme necessity.

We may therefore put aside all those measures, however important in themselves, which affect only remote parts of the empire, or parts of it which are exceptionally circumstanced. When this is done, there will remain a few great changes, such as the Reform of the Poor Laws and the Reforms of the Law, which cannot be brought under the general head of Abolition of Monopolies. Looking at these great Reforms alone, we might be disposed to attribute them to a general impulse towards improvement, and thus be led to describe the age as characterized not by hostility to one particular evil such as monopoly but by an intolerance of all political evils and abuses. Mr. Carlyle has talked of the Scavenger

Age, that is, the age that clears away nuisances, and many people might be willing to accept this as an apt description of the present period. The strongest evidence that can be alleged for it are the Law Reforms that characterize this period beyond any other in English history. These at least have swept away evils that were not monopolies, obsolete fictions and mystifications, inadequacy and inappropriateness of machinery. There is, however, a special explanation of this. The movement of the age would probably have turned aside from a task so difficult as the reform of the law, but for the special circumstance that a great thinker had made the subject his own, and had created a school of law-reformers who were prepared to give shape to the vague wishes of the public on this subject. Had the whole field been ploughed up beforehand, as this part of it was ploughed up by Bentham, the age might perhaps have become veritably a Scavenger Age, but actually it has fallen very far short of this. No doubt the first Reform Bill by removing the dead weight of obstruction did very much raise the courage of all Reformers, and seemed the opening of an age of universal improvement. No doubt it was followed by a short season of ardent zeal. No doubt also the whole age as compared with the one before it, and indeed with the average of English history, is active in reform and bold in innovation. But it is not quite equally zealous for all kinds of reform, and there are some kinds of reform in which it is very slothful and timid. There are indeed so many vast questions upon which the public mind continues obstinately languid and apathetic, that impatient reformers beat about for an explanation of the fact, and conjecture that Parliamentary government is not capable of comprehensive reforms, or that party spirit absorbs all our activity. Mr. Carlyle says we are wholly given up to palaver. Mr. Matthew Arnold speaks of the "hubbub of our sterile politics." Mr. Greg enumerates the many great reforms urgently wanted, and perfectly practicable, and tells us we systematically postpone them to questions of much less importance which appeal more directly to party feeling.

It is not then reform in general, not reform as such, that the present age cares for, but a certain kind of reform. There are certain suggestions which the public will take up at once, eagerly discuss and resolutely carry into execution. There are other suggestions which may be equally valuable and equally feasible, of which the public will take no notice whatever.

People's habits, the inveterate bias of their minds, the direction that the time has impressed upon their energies, make them ready for some kinds of political work, but absolutely powerless for others. Instinctively they turn a deaf ear to the voice that exhorts them to what they feel they cannot even attempt. The Word falls among thorns. But how unjust it is to call our politics sterile — to say that we are only capable of talking and can get nothing done — must seem startlingly evident to us who are fresh from considering the revolution that has been accomplished in the last forty years. The excuse for such language is, that the reforms accomplished have all been of one kind, and that our present system seems adapted to accomplish no other kind. We have created a power which for one sort of task is incomparably adapted, but which is almost inapplicable to every other. Set before it any monopoly, any invidious ascendancy belonging to any class or corporation, and it gets to work directly, the wheels begin to turn, and the whole ponderous machinery rouses itself into irresistible action; but evils that are not of this particular description, however formidable, plans of constructive politics, however important, find this power almost as passive and inert as the most obstructive *régime* that England has ever known.

Doubtless we shall find, sooner or later, that there are other tasks in politics besides this useful one of removing monopolies. If it were not so, we might, perhaps, expect politics to be speedily exhausted. So few monopolies remain to be devoured that unless our monopolivorous monster can learn to change his diet, he will be in danger of starving. He seems already to be beginning his final meal. It promises, indeed, to be a long one. To remove from our laws and social institutions every trace of the ascendancy of the male sex — this is no light undertaking. But when it is accomplished, when the male monopoly has gone the way of the Protestant one, of the boroughmongering one, of the Protectionist one, of the Anglican one, of the denominational one, what task of this sort will remain to occupy us? It is hard to conceive.

But ages overlap each other. Perhaps before the last monopoly has entirely disappeared, new forces will have begun to work, a different chapter in politics will open upon us, politicians will be busy with a different class of problems, and will have learnt new phrases and new catchwords. When this has happened, and from the middle of another age they look back upon ours, I believe it will assume a unity which it wears

to few of us. To them, not less plainly than the 16th century was the age of abolition of Popery, and the 17th the age of emancipation from the yoke of Prerogative, it will appear that the 19th century brought the age of abolition of monopolies.

If so, it will be seen that some descriptions commonly given of this age were little accurate. I will mention two. It is common to call this an age of Democracy. We have so often repeated that the tide of Democracy is submerging everything, that the flood-gates are opened and the waters out, that we have at last abandoned in mere weariness this favourite image of an inundation. If it had been applied to the Continent, there might have been appropriateness in the description. There Democracy is indeed advancing and alarming. But if we say the same of England, let us at least understand that we mean by it a very different thing. English Democracy is a tame domestic animal compared with the redoubtable savage that has been so long used "in Gallic walks to roar." There is a Democracy that hates wealth and birth, that would elbow them out of government and create a government of the people for the people. This Democracy would, if it could, create a monopoly for itself. English Democracy, on the contrary, wants no monopoly for itself, for indeed it is but one form of the intolerance of monopoly characteristic of the time. It never dreams of taking all; in its wildest moods it only hopes for a share. It is like English Dissent, which sometimes uses very bitter language against the Church, yet neither hopes nor wishes to win for itself more than equality. English Democracy asks to be represented; it asks to have something; it says that hitherto the government of the country has been exclusively in the hands of the rich and great; this, it says, is an unjust monopoly, and it puts in its claim to a share. And with how much diffidence it does so may be seen if we consider the last Reform Bill. Parliament gave everything. It said to the Democracy, "You shall elect as you will, a part of us,

or you shall elect us all. Choose by how many members you will be represented." To which, English Democracy, like a timid and nervous monster as she is, replied, "I will not be represented at all; you, the rich and great, shall govern me as before, at least for another Parliament."

Another mistake commonly made is to suppose from the unceasing attack which has been made throughout this period upon the Church establishment that the movement of the age is hostile to religion. Undoubtedly there is a movement against religion in this age, and a movement which gains strength; but it has not yet had any political result. Hostility to religion has not yet had any perceptible share in bringing to pass any legislative act. By whom has the attack upon the Church Establishment been conducted? By men who hated religion, or by men who doubted or denied the theology of the Church? Not at all, but by the Non-conformist bodies — that is, by religious men, the majority of whom had the very same theology as the Church they attacked. To the Church as a religious body they could feel no hostility, or, if any, it was because they thought its constitution was not favourable to religious zeal; in other words, because it was not religious enough. I do not even believe that they were hostile to it purely because of its union with the State. At least I can imagine a form of union with the State which would not have excited their hostility. But it had an ascendancy which was invidious; it excited the same feeling that the Protectionist landholder excited in the mind of Cobden, that the boroughmonger excited in the mind of Cobbett, and, therefore, the trials and disasters it has undergone prove nothing more than is proved by the passing of the Reform Bill and the repeal of the Corn Laws. They prove, in fact, that old Time has taken a work in hand; that as in Elizabeth's days he would not put up with Popery; and as in the days of James II. he was tired of prerogative, so now and for the last forty years he has been angry with monopolies.

In the progress of public opinion the public of Madras have come to the conclusion that the monkeys of that city, formerly held sacred, are a nuisance, and the municipality has taken measures to deport them. This requires — first, that they shall be caught. When caught they are to be tenderly treated; but for fear of their

early return the aid of modern science is to be called in, and they are to be conveyed by railway trains to Tirupatty. In the distribution of animals the naturalist has thought fit to make little account of the railway, which may effect a displacement of the monkeys of India.

Nature.

PART X.

CHAPTER XIX.

"So that is the Monsieur Créville, is it, of whom I have heard Miss Raymond speak?" asked Warden when Félix had left the room.

He looked sharply at her as he spoke; but she showed no sign of the confusion that he expected, if not hoped, to see, for the simple reason that she had none to show.

"Yes, that is Félix Créville, poor fellow!"

"He is a great friend of yours, I hear?"

"Yes, indeed, a very great friend; and one, too, whom we have nearly been losing. I wish he had not come out to-day—he looks terribly weak."

"And you, too, are not looking well, Marie."

"Am I not? Then my looks belie me, I assure you. I am quite well. But I get so troubled sometimes with thinking about Angélique, and I miss the children now they are at school. I seem to have no one to live for but myself."

Mark Warden did not observe that he was omitted from the list of those for whom she might be supposed to be living. "Marie," he said, gravely and rather suddenly, "I fear that I have been doing you a very great injury."

"Done me?"

"Yes. I have been thinking much about you of late: I have been thinking how in my selfishness I have done my best to spoil your whole life for you, and have been fearing that I must have succeeded too well."

"Why, Mark—what can you mean?"

"What right had I to take you from your home—to condemn you to this life of solitude of which you complain so justly—to place you in this false position—"

"Mark!"

"Have you not a right to complain of me? I—"

"Not the least—not the least in the world! There—will that satisfy you? And if you ever talk so absurdly again—"

In spite of her assurances to the contrary, she was indeed looking pale and worn; but to him she always strove to be the Marie of old times.

"My dear Marie," he went on, with his eyes fixed upon the ground, "your conduct has been wonderful—admirable. You have been only too good—far more good than I have deserved."

Something in his manner puzzled her, and she looked up inquiringly.

"Oh, Mark!" she exclaimed suddenly,

with hope in her eyes and in her voice; "do you mean that our separation is to end—that we are now to be together always? Oh, you need not be afraid that I cannot bear good news! Is it so indeed?"

They were sitting side by side, and now she took one of his hands in both of hers, and looked up into his face with bright eyes and parted lips. He was moved for an instant—how could he help it?—by her excitement; but it was for an instant only. No—it could not be. Hugh or Félix might have yielded to this display of pure emotion, as unselfish in its source and in its nature as any human emotion can ever be, but not Warden. Is it possible that it was this very coldness of his that gave him his power, according to the theory that in all affairs of the heart it is only one of the two who loves while the other only submits to be loved; and that it is the passive nature that rules? Let such a heresy be anathema of course; but there can at all events be no doubt that a sympathetic heart is to a man what his left heel was to Achilles.

He did not, however, make any attempt to disengage his hand from hers. He even returned the caress, although coldly and sadly. What he had to say must needs be said; but he began to see that the saying of it would turn out to be far more difficult than he had imagined. Imagination was not his *forte*; and, having once in his own mind overcome the practical difficulty of the situation to his own satisfaction, he had not wasted his resolution and his energy by mentally dwelling upon the probable details of the scene that he assumed to be inevitable. And this reserve of energy is also a secret of power.

Thus they sat in silence for more than a second; and under such circumstances a second is a very long time indeed. She was waiting for the confirmation of her hope—he was thinking how he should put things least unpleasantly, so that the coming scene might be rendered as mild as possible. It was not that he was afraid of scenes as such, of whatever nature they might be; but it was essential to his purpose that matters should go off quietly—that she should fall in with his views naturally, and that, above all, she should understand them *à demi mot*.

"Are you then so anxious?" he asked. The question was ambiguous; but the tone in which it was asked made its meaning only too clear, even to her.

She did not, however, relax her grasp of his hand; on the contrary, she only pressed it the more closely still. Her eyes sad-

dened and moistened, but she did not lower them. She only said, very gently, —

"Please, Mark, forgive me. Indeed I did not mean to complain."

"I know that — but —"

"Oh, Mark!" she said, suddenly, as though the mouse had found a spirit at last. "why should we not get rid of all waiting at once, and do as other people do?"

"No, Marie; I will not add to my offence towards you. I —"

"Your offence? Did I not say —"

"Well, to my thoughtlessness then; and that is surely an offence. I will not treat you as — as Lester has used your cousin. I will not condemn you to a life of poverty now, after having contrived to save you from it for so long."

"Do you think, then, that I should fear poverty? Do you think that I have waited because I preferred waiting? And — and do you think that I would have spoken as I have if there had been still reason to wait any longer?"

"Still reason! Have you forgotten my Fellowship?"

"Oh, give it up at once! What is it, after all, that should keep coming between us for ever? Supposing you had not got it, we should have been married just the same; and we should have had to do without it altogether."

"Yes — and have starved. I doubt if I could ever have become a country curate, with a Catholic wife."

"And supposing you were to lose your Fellowship now — how I hate the word! — what should you have to do?"

"My dear child, how can you ask such a question? What is Lester doing, for instance?"

"And supposing we could do without it?"

"Yes — suppose the skies were to fall!"

"Well — suppose they have fallen! Can you guess how much money I have made within the last two months?"

"How much?"

"A hundred and forty pounds!"

"What! by playing the piano? Is it possible?"

"So it seems. But I thought I should surprise you when you came to find out that your poor stupid Marie could do something after all. I am sure you could not be more surprised than she was herself! And now, have not the skies fallen?"

Certainly Warden was astonished. "But do you mean to say that you are likely to earn so much money always?"

"I hope so — if I work hard. People need never go backward, Monsieur Prosper

says. And at all events I might — I am sure I could — last a few years, till you become all that you want to be."

She had certainly cut the ground of the Fellowship from under his feet. But he was by no means driven into a corner.

"But, Marie, do you know what it is you are asking me?"

"Certainly I know: to go on reading for the bar; to go into Parliament; to do all you can in the world; and to let my piano take the place of your fellowship."

"How I wish it were possible!"

"And why should it not be?"

"Because it is quite out of the question for a gentleman to live upon his wife." To do him justice, without giving him credit for the fine feeling that he claimed, such a proceeding would honestly have been gall and wormwood to a man of his energy and self-reliance. But Marie did not see it in that light; and this time it was for her to be astonished. He did not, however, give her time to reply, but, making the most of his point, went on quickly.

"Do you think that I, for five or six or seven years to come, could submit to be kept in that way — to become one of the contemptible race of artists' husbands? No — that is one of the things that I would not do, even if I could — even if it were possible."

"What! may not a gentleman be helped by his own wife?"

The words were spoken in all simplicity; but he fancied that they rang a little contemptuously. He was wrong; but his fancy was not altogether without ground.

"You do not understand," he answered; "women never do. It is a question of honour, you see —"

"*Mon Dieu!*" — she often reverted to French exclamations when excited, as, of late, had not seldom been the case; "*Mon Dieu!*" I certainly do not understand that I should go on making money for us both and for the children as well, and to help Angélique too, perhaps, and that you should not be allowed to gain anything by it! I am sure that I would take any quantity of money from you."

"But that is different. The husband is bound to support his wife — and it is bad enough of me to be doing nothing for you. But if, instead of merely doing nothing, I were to rob the children, to rob Angélique — that would be a disgrace; and that I will not incur."

But still he had not perceptibly advanced very far with what he really wanted to say; and he felt like a chess-player who has managed to lose none of his pieces without an

exchange, but who has not yet succeeded in obtaining the attack. Nevertheless, though he had heard much that might well have given him an excuse for declaring the game drawn and yielding to destiny, he was determined to pursue it to the end. A man who has become fairly intoxicated with some Earl's Dene is not so easily sobered. It is true that one wife making money at the rate of eight hundred a-year was actually in his hand; but the wife in the bush was worth a great deal more than two of her. No one would deny, in spite of the proverb, that even one plump pheasant, not to speak of two, though still in the bush, is more than worth a sparrow, though the latter may be actually in the hand. To take Marie, even supposing that her present success was to continue, was to give up more than the chance of becoming master of Earl's Dene. It would be to forfeit Miss Clare's favour and his prospect of his seat in Parliament, and to be thrown back once more upon the slow path of the bar. Not only so, but all the trouble that he had taken to bring about Hugh's marriage with Angélique would have been altogether thrown away: and although he was not in the least dissatisfied with his proceedings in that matter so far, still, if what he had done should prove useless, he would be obliged consciously to recognize the fact that he had not been actuated by a spirit of the highest honour. If he were to make up his mind to let bygones be bygones and to take Marie, it would have been better, not only for the sake of his self-respect, but of his self-interest also, to have kept his friend Hugh in a position in which he might have been made available as a patron. No—he had certainly committed himself too far to a line of conduct to draw back now in such a manner as to secure either satisfaction or profit.

And then he thought of Alice Raymond herself, and persuaded himself that he was really in love with her, as a man with a woman, and that Marie was an obstacle in the way not only of interest but of love also. For conscience, when, as usual, it finds itself powerless to warn and restrain, invariably goes over to the enemy, and betakes itself to the pleasanter task of excusing and justifying.

"Well," he thought to himself, "why should I hesitate? She is not my wife in any true sense—she is not even my mistress. How any man who is used to this kind of thing would laugh at me!—Marie," he said, rising suddenly from his seat beside her, "I have been thinking a great deal lately, and blaming myself terribly.

It is time all this should end. You have now made a career for yourself without me, and have made your own circle of friends. I can do nothing for you. I have been far from being your friend: and I will not, having thus left you to struggle alone, take advantage of your success. That is quite out of the question. It is not that I care for the opinion of the world; but I will not submit to be obliged to despise myself, and not only so, but to feel that I ought to be despised by you. Your offer to me just now was a cruel kindness. No, Marie—our roads in life—which never lay together—have now diverged wholly. It is no use now to think of what might have been: I must now—for it is the only thing in my power to do for you—set you free. We shall still be friends—we never could have been more."

Had Marie's experience of the world been such as by this time it no doubt ought to have been, she would—as she hoped she would—have caught his drift at once, and have seen that all his periphrasis was but meant to sweeten the draught that sooner or later she would have to take, whether she chose or no. But to her it seemed only that he was influenced by generous self-denial and excessive scrupulousness. Yet even so his want of warmth puzzled her and made her afraid.

"Mark," she said, with a decision of voice and manner that had never appeared in her before, and with all her earnestness in her face, "I too have of late been thinking much about ourselves; and I, like you, have felt that things can be no longer as they are. Do you think I cannot—yes, in fifty ways—help you, and not by making money alone? That is not all I mean by help. I would wait still more long and patiently than I have waited, and be still content. But, Mark, I try so hard to do and think all that is right by you and by myself; and then you know how very seldom now we ever meet—how very little yet we have ever been to one another—we, who ought to be all to each other always!" She looked up at him timidly and questioningly, as though she too wished, if it were possible, to be understood *à demi mot*—as though she had much to say that she would rather not seek to put in words.

"Oh, you cannot know the nature of my life," she went on; "how very lonely I am in all this whirl—how this new life to me who have lived in silence all my days is almost more than I can bear. We all need some support or other; and I have none on which to lean with safety. Do you know sometimes I fear myself?"

"Fear yourself?"

"I cannot tell all that I mean; but I am sure of this, that if we do not come together now, we never shall. The world is coming between us; and you are drifting from me, Mark, farther and farther."

"And you from me. Is not that what I said just now?"

"No—not I from you. All that I ask of you is to be allowed to be with you and to help you in your life, and to be helped in mine—for that is now what I would say before all other things. I will try to make up to you for all you lose and more, in every way—even in money; and you will save me from myself."

"Really, Marie, I do not understand you in the least. You speak as though you were in some mysterious danger."

"I mean a wife should have no friend before her husband."

Mark looked at her quickly—he thought he began to see her drift, and congratulated himself on having proved himself a true prophet. "Monsieur Créville, for instance," he thought, to himself; but of course did not say so.

"Is not that also what I was saying to you?" he asked. "Yes—it is quite true that our lives have wholly diverged, and can never be the same again."

"But they can—indeed they can, believe me! We can still be all to each other, as we hoped for once, and as we ought to be and can be now. If it is only for my sake you wish me still to wait, indeed there is no need. It is for my sake that I ask you now to wait no longer."

"And, Marie, once more I tell you, for your own sake, that it cannot be. Only think for a moment. I must wait five years yet before I am entitled to hold a brief; and as I mean not only to get a great many briefs but to be able to make the most of them when I get them, I must devote those five years exclusively to preparation. I know that some men go into the profession upon nothing but the light of nature, and that some of them succeed nevertheless; but that is not my way. I shall not only put myself in the way of success; I shall make myself sure of it, as any man may if he goes the right way to work. Thus, meanwhile, I shall not be able to earn a penny; and if I get into Parliament, I shall have no more pennies than I shall be obliged to spend. And live upon you I will not—I say that once for all. And so I must keep my Fellowship. We could not, in any case, look forward to coming together within ten years at the least, unless we agree to ruin each other—and I

will not be the one to ruin you, at any rate."

"And do you think that I—oh Mark! you are by far the wiser; but I know that I am right in this. Ruin each other? No—but help each other! and it will be too late. I did not think so once; but now I fear myself—fear everything."

"Too late? Yes; I fear it not only will be, but is, too late."

"Mark, are you hiding anything from me? Are you afraid to tell me what you think I cannot bear?"

"Not in the least—that is—no, Marie, I have nothing to tell you. You must not think I have been speaking selfishly—"

"Oh, I am sure of that!"

"And I heartily wish things were different. But it is time for this farce to be over. I am not your husband, you are not my wife, in any true sense. We have no children; the world knows nothing of our relation to each other, and is not likely to inquire. Let us then act as though this foolish business had never had a beginning—let me set you free once more. Do not force me to do you an injustice."

"You mean that we should still keep living on as we are now? Well—if it must be so—but it's hard to bear."

"No, Marie, not as we are living now. Let us consider that instead of being married we are only engaged. We have been engaged. We have only been through an arbitrary ceremony after all; and should such an empty form fetter us? If we still remain in the same mind years hence—if nothing should happen to part us still more—we will marry in the face of the world; but if among your new friends—as you probably will—you should find some one you prefer to me, I will not interfere. Your happiness is all I desire; and I will do nothing to hinder it."

Let us for once call things by their right names. This atrocious idea had seemed very plausible and easy to him while he had been evolving it, and he had almost entirely persuaded himself that Marie would be glad to see it in the same light as himself. And so far he was right, that her entire trust in him, and her innocence, which was scarcely even yet beginning to transform itself into the higher purity that comes of experience, concealed the true nature of his proposal under a mist of apparent self-sacrifice. But, at the same time, it need not be said that though he was right, after a fashion, to this very limited extent, it was simply impossible that he could be right any farther, unless she had been idiotic instead of innocent, or else utterly depraved. She

would have refused to understand him even had she been able; and, as it was, she could only look amazed.

"That we should marry again?" she asked.

"I mean that we must be content to look forward to that as a possibility. For the present we can be nothing to each other; and why should we thus be careful to suffer all the disadvantages of our position without having any of the benefit of it? No—it is too absurd, too childish a farce. It is that, and nothing more, for two rational beings to make themselves slaves to a mere form, of the existence of which no mortal soul need know."

He did not see that her silence and calmness arose from utter astonishment; and her way of taking what he had said encouraged him to think that he should avoid a scene after all.

"We shall always be friends," he continued, with greater ease, and in a tone of confidence that astonished and mystified her still more. Certainly, if she seemed to him to be taking the matter very comfortably, he also seemed to her to be taking it with a coolness that was extraordinary indeed.

"Friends?" she again asked, still more bewildered.

"Of course," he said. "And now, for the present, we must forget our folly. You will find far better friends than I; but I shall still be one. You have behaved admirably——"

"What!" she exclaimed suddenly. You seem to think I understand you; but indeed I do not—not a word."

Her bewilderment was too clear to be mistaken. He saw to his mortification that all his words had been thrown away, and that he should have to go over the whole ground again. What in the world was he to do with a woman who could not understand that he wanted to get rid of her?"

It was useless to go over the whole ground again. Indeed there was really nothing left to him to say—unless indeed he should say in so many words: "I very much want to commit bigamy; in compensation, I give you full leave either to follow my example, or to content yourself with breaking the seventh commandment as much as you please; and there will be no harm in the arrangement, because no one will know of it." But, as he could not say this, the utmost that he could do was to repress her petition to put an end to their separation.

It may be a source of wonder to some that, together with the petition, he had not

succeeded in destroying effectually the desire from which the petition had sprung. But there was that in her heart, though she did not know its nature, which really alarmed her, and which made her, in spite of the barrier—or perhaps because of it—which had now for so long been growing up between her and him, feel far more deeply than she had been able to express, a sort of desperate longing to throw herself upon her husband's strength for protection from herself and from her own heart. As he had himself suggested, she was indeed in a mysterious danger; and the only way of escape from it was that which he himself had sought to close.

BOOK III.—MOTHER AND SON.

CHAPTER I.

MEANWHILE, during the time that these complications were proceeding—while Angélique was incessantly devoting her long days and short nights to the half-weary, half-eager consideration of how she should contrive to turn the tables upon her apparently successful opponent, and while the latter was striving to make sure of the grapes that were hanging so provokingly just beyond his reach—there was one of whom no one appeared to think much, and who was ignorant of the plots and counterplots that were centred round her, but who, nevertheless, felt the influence of them most of all.

Assuredly it was grievous to Hugh Lester to have been deprived of his inheritance in what had to all appearance been so unkind a manner; it was bitter enough, and more than enough, to Angélique to have to put up with the apples of the Dead Sea instead of with the fruit of Earl's Dene; and it was wellnigh maddening to her rival to have to play the part of the fox in the fable more especially as he did not seek to persuade himself that the grapes were sour. But more grievous than the loss of an inheritance, more grievous even than unkindness itself, more bitter than Dead Sea apples, more maddening than grapes out of reach, was to Miss Clare the irreconcilable breach that had been brought about, with but little fault on either side, between herself and him to whom she clung as a mother to an only son. That neither, considering their natures, had been much to blame, only made matters worse; for where there is no fault, there can scarcely ever be reconciliation.

It was not only that a wound dealt through the sensitive and easily-pierced armour of affection is by its very nature far

less easy to heal than the worst that can be dealt in any other way, but that her own nature almost hidden as it was under a wellnigh impenetrable panoply of her own manufacture, was more intense a hundred-fold than that of all the others put together; and not only more intense, but more sensitive also, when it was once reached. With her, a feeling never remained under the form of a mere barren impulse: and it needed almost the direct interposition of some *Deus ex machina* to make her change a resolution when she had once formed it. But this morbid intensity of hers necessarily acted two ways. In the case of Hugh, it prevented her from even so much as dreaming of going back from the course that she had deliberately adopted; but, at the same time, it rendered that course inexpressibly hard for her to bear. To have had to lose her adopted son by reason of his own act of folly, as it appeared to her, was in all conscience bad enough; but it was infinitely worse that the death-warrant of their relation to one another should have been signed and issued by her own hand. But, having once been issued, it was just as irrevocable by her or by any one else as if the issuing of it had been a matter of pleasure instead of the bitterest pain. And, indeed, there must in such cases be mingled with the pain, however bitter it may be, a certain amount of savage satisfaction, or it would be simply and utterly impossible that they should ever occur. It is only to be hoped that the spirit which leads people to sacrifice their own affections and their own hearts for the sake of punishing others, bears with it some sort of consolation; for in spite of its cruelty, it is not altogether evil, seeing that it is the spirit of self-sacrifice after all.

It was in a very different spirit from that in which she had looked forward to the last general election that she now approached the time when she would be called upon to supply a member for Denethorp to take the place of Hugh. Then she was supported by a sense of gratified pride; now, only by the severest sense of duty. There was not the least difficulty in her selection of a candidate, seeing that she had one ready to her hand who would probably beat back Prescott from the field as he had beaten him from it before, and who would do credit to his patroness on the hustings and in the House. But of course she could not take the personal interest in him that she had taken in Hugh; and, beyond supporting him with her interest — which, by the way, had been a little shaken by the events of the late contest — and supplying him with

funds to carry on the battle, she could do, and did, but little.

Her agent shook his head terribly when he heard that there was to be a fresh contest so closely upon the heels of the old. An estate, however good it may be, must require a space of rest wherein to recover itself after such a fight as the last had been; and he earnestly proposed to Miss Clare that she and he between them should look out for a candidate with some capacity for sharing the expense. But she would not hear of such a thing for a moment.

"Mr. Warden has fairly earned his claim," she said. "And if the last time had to go, we must share Denethorp with no one. As long as I live I will put in whom I please."

Besides, the bleeding of Earl's Dene, even though it should be to death, was not of so very much moment now. If she could but leave life with honour, unbeaten, and with her duty done to the last, she would be only too glad to leave her throne altogether to her new heiress, and to retire to some Yuste where she might wait for the end. Indeed she cared but little into whose hands the sceptre might fall when she herself was gone, since it must needs be lost to her own blood. Like another sovereign, she also was inclined to say, "*Après moi le Déluge*;" in no careless or selfish spirit, but in the sense that she, so long as she lived, would endeavor to the utmost of her power to stay the flood, however inevitable it might be.

She was quite alone now, and worse than alone. During her occupation of it, Earl's Dene had been anything but a lively place, and now it was almost as though it had once more resumed its ancient religious character, and was inhabited by a solitary abbess without nuns. The servants ought to have had a pleasant and easy time of it, seeing that they had simply nothing to do; but, with the perversity of idle human nature, they were already beginning to find their places insupportable, and to form a large but useless opposition in favour of the young squire.

Their mistress had in fact, no occupation left but to sit by herself all day long and remember; — that greatest of all the curses, when it is not the greatest of all the blessings, that belong to age. And, as is always the case, it was those days which were farthest away from her that filled the largest and clearest place in her memory. Youth, while present, is so much like a dream that it can scarcely be said to live, until it is past; and her own youth, exceptionally dreamlike as it had been, had also been of

a nature that rendered it impossible to forget.

It can scarcely be a matter of wonder, however morbid, in one sense, her feelings in this respect had become, that she referred her last great sorrow to what she, in the strict spirit of judgment that she always brought to bear upon all that concerned her, considered to have been her great and many sins of disobedience and rebellion. She had been stung in the very part where-in she had offended; and even though she had spent a lifetime of repentance, she was unable to doubt the justice of what had been laid upon her to bear. It seemed to her that even as she had, according to her exaggerated view of the matter, proved a curse to her own father, she was condemned to suffer in like manner through her own child, who had torn himself from her in a way that of all ways was calculated to wound her most deeply. The morbid consciousness of having sinned, which is always strong in proportion to the slightness of its foundation, caused her to look upon the whole of her subsequent life as an unending penance, to which the peace that she had enjoyed of late years had only lent an additional sting. And yet, although she looked upon Hugh as in this respect an instrument in the hands of Providence, she did not any the more hold him excused. If she judged herself hardly, she judged others more hardly still. Indeed, it was not so much the offence against herself that she was unable to pardon, as the offence that, in her eyes, he had committed against the traditions of his rank and family, and against what was becoming and honourable.

In the case of any ordinary woman, of a weaker mind and less intense nature, one of two results would have been inevitable. She must either have accepted her situation, and have sought to escape from herself by entering upon that poor imitation of the narrow way that is open to the proud and unforgiving, and by spending the rest of her days, according to her light, either in the practice of pious austerities or in listening to the longest sermons she could find; or else she must, on the other hand, have rebelled against Providence and against destiny, and have gone mad. But Miss Clare was not by nature of a pious temperament; nor was this defect in her character, as most people will consider it, supplied artificially by those tender memories and associations of childhood and early youth in which faith is so often born. It is of course true that natures such as hers, which in youth are the most irresistibly

attracted by the barren charms of sentimental scepticism, are precisely those which are the most apt in maturer life to bear fruit in the shape of some extreme form of faith, seeing that between emotional belief and emotional unbelief there is scarcely a pin to choose; but when faith follows scepticism, it will almost invariably be found that it has preceded it also. Besides, had she been capable of undergoing this pseudo-conversion, she would have been unable to find any outlet by which it might be satisfied. The Church of St. Peter, which provides every sort of disposition with an outlet adapted to it, was to her nothing more than a name, and a disagreeable name; for Methodists and Ranters, as she would have collectively termed all sects of Protestant Dissenters, she entertained the contempt of a great lady and the hatred of a high Tory; while the steady-going Church of England of those days was certainly not, as she knew it, of an emotional character. Nor, on the other hand, was she in the least likely to adopt the other alternative. Without the aid of positive physical disease of the brain, a nature so intense and so energetic as hers is incapable of such a fate. It is dull, quiet natures, to whom emotion, when it comes, comes as something strange and abnormal, that are overwhelmed by it; not those to whom it means life and even existence. A man like Warden might go mad, but not a woman like Miss Clare. If ordinary men and women lose their reason under emotional pressure, those like her lose theirs by its absence, not by its presence. If she had in truth been shut up in a convent; if some spiritual director or tyrannous system of discipline had forced her to think it her duty to crush her nature down,—she would in all probability, as hundreds in such a situation have done, have given way, and her spirit, debarred from finding its free and proper course, would doubtless have burst for itself a way to unnatural action through the channel of mania. But, as things were, she whose spirit, strong with the strength of intense-ness and energy, had supported her through so many long years of an imperfect and unsatisfied existence, was not likely to break down now under one more pang however sharp, or one more disappointment however bitter. The camel's back, indeed, may be so loaded that a single straw the more may cause it to give way; but there is nothing in which a really strong mind differs more from a strong body than in this,—that its strength grows in proportion to the burden that is laid upon it.

Nevertheless, it was perhaps an instinctive and unconscious fear of what her fate might be if she continued to remain alone with her pride, her anger, and her grief in the hermitage of Earl's Dene, that caused her to take a step which, trivial and unimportant as it may seem, was, in reality, calculated to operate as a substitute in her case for a plunge into piety on the one hand, and for a lapse into lunacy on the other.

It was not so much that she had become utterly sick to death of Earl's Dene, and of all things about it and belonging to it, that made the very idea of home hateful to her, and made her long to escape from the influence of its very atmosphere. It was not her way in general to seek to escape from anything, whatever it might be, that came within the scope and range of her daily life. But it was a positive, active, and eager longing to do something, no matter what that something might be — perhaps also, so far as her sex and age would permit, to lose herself in the great world — that led her to take a resolution that astonished all Denethorp more than if it had suddenly been entered by an invading army. She, too, felt an overwhelming desire to experience the trance of *Hermotimus*, and to transform herself from a cloud in the sky into a drop in the ocean.

At all events her coachman, who for some time past had had nothing to do but smoke pipes in the stable, was considerably astonished when he was told by his mistress that she not only intended to leave Earl's Dene for a time, but that she intended to make a journey to London, which she had not seen since the days when her father sat in Parliament as member for the county, and when she herself had been little more than a precocious school-girl. Of definite purpose in this project of hers she had absolutely none. It was simply and literally that she wanted to do something, and that there was simply and literally nothing else for her to do.

And this was really doing something, although there may be scarcely any one living who will think it so. The time has long gone by — whether altogether for good, who shall say? — when the longest journey meant anything more than a few hours' trouble, or when there was anybody in England who did not, as a matter of course, make many long journeys every year of his life. But in Miss Clare's case, the journey from Denethorp to London meant more than it meant to most people even in those days, and called for as many weeks of preparation as if she had been really a queen

about to make a royal progress, or a visit of ceremony to a foreign state. Of course so great a lady as she, who stood upon her dignity on principle, could not travel but in her own carriage and with her own horses; and, while the former was by no means in the best working order for so important an undertaking, it was doubtful if the latter would be the least capable of comprehending the possibility of the existence of a road beyond the Green Dragon at Redchester — a fact which the coachman must also have by this time forgotten, even if, having been in Miss Clare's service all his days, he had ever had occasion to learn it. But at last all difficulties were overcome, and the Queen of Denethorp, for the first time since she had returned to it some quarter of a century ago, left her home to appear once more in the very centre of the world.

Her journey necessarily extended over several days; not so much because she, with all her impatience, was not capable of making long stages at a time, as for the sake of the horses, which had grown fat and lazy upon the effects of their mistress's sorrow. And so she gradually proceeded by the easiest of easy marches, until at the end of six days she also had arrived in the great city that seems to draw irresistibly all things and all people to itself at last. The slight exertion of travelling, and the excitement of passing through half-forgotten scenes once more, had been already of some little service to her by having made her brood less upon herself and upon her own thoughts than if she had spent the same number of days at Earl's Dene; but still she arrived at the end of her journey almost worn out. After all, "*Cælum non animum*."

She was not able to take possession of the town house that belonged to her, as it was in the occupation of a tenant; nor had she, in her eagerness to leave her country home, taken any steps to provide herself with a substitute. So, for the present, she took up her quarters at an hotel, and forthwith sent notice of her arrival to the only two people in London with whom she was acquainted — that is to say, to Miss Raymond and Mark Warden — neither of whom lost any time in calling upon her.

How strange the world of London was to Miss Clare may be in part imagined by any one whose experience it has been to return to it after an absence of twenty-five years — a period during which everything, even the general aspect of the streets, becomes changed to such an extent that the few remaining things and people with whom old associations are connected crop up from the level surface of modern society in defiant

distinctness, like blocks of primeval granite from the alluvial deposit of centuries. It could not be long before a lady of Miss Clare's wealth and position found herself again in the world after a fashion; but it was in a world that startled the politician of twenty-five years ago. She had, in her seclusion, not neglected to keep herself awake to what was going on by the perusal of books and newspapers; but no one can understand the changes that are constantly being brought about from newspapers and books only, the study of which is as though one should read a gloss without ever having seen the text upon which it comments. Written words always take their meaning from the mind of the reader. The text consists, after all, not of what actually takes place, but of the manner in which things take place, and what people think and say about them at dinner-tables, in drawing-rooms, in the streets and in the clubs; and not what writers think ought to be thought and said about them in studies and newspaper offices. To understand change one must one's self see and hear — one must one's self breathe the atmosphere in which change is produced; and the knowledge of facts is nothing to one who is beyond the circle of their influence. To one who is devoid of imagination they are as meaningless as algebraical symbols scattered about at random; to one who has that quality they take any combination that he may choose to form out of hundreds, of which not more than one can be, and probably none are right. The fact is, that Miss Clare had become provincialized, and had come to regard the capital as only a larger Denethorp. She had lost the metropolitan idea — that irreconcilable and victorious opponent of the feudal idea which, in one shape or another, always underlies the *vie de province*. She had become a barbarian, in the proper and original meaning of the word, and was as much out of her element as a prince from beyond the Indus would have found himself in Rome — not, of course, in the same degree, but in precisely the same way.

As far as concerned her outer life, she just let things come as they would, making no effort whatever to control the manner of their coming. She had, after all, taken to society in the same spirit as that in which a man — if it had been possible for any man to have found himself in a similar mental condition — would probably have taken to brandy. It may possibly be thought that she entertained some vague notion that their being in the same town together, however widely they were separated in every other respect, might perhaps in some im-

possible and inconceivable manner bring about, in spite of her firm determination to the contrary, some kind of reconciliation with her nephew. Certainly in such matters the hearts of women are capable of any kind and any degree of inconsistency; and such a notion, wild as it would have been, would have been in no wise unnatural or absurd. It does not by any means follow that because, knowing perfectly well as she did that such reconciliation depended entirely upon a single word from herself, she had practically vowed never to speak that word, she might not vaguely dream that by her presence in London she was aiding chance to defeat her own will. But whether this was so or not, she did not in the least act upon any such idea. She never even mentioned her nephew's name, so that her acquaintance very soon came to see that the subject was a forbidden one. Unfortunately no circumstance could have operated more against Hugh's being able to do anything for himself, or to find friends, than this silence on the part of Miss Clare. Had she talked openly about him and his offence, and given her reasons for the quarrel, it is likely enough that he would have met with sympathy at least, if not with useful help; but the form which her anger had taken was such as to leave the door open to all manner of injurious reports about both himself and his wife, and to cause him to be condemned not only unheard but unaccused. Miss Raymond alone invariably took the part of her old playfellow; but she was as powerless in the matter as she was zealous. Warden also took his part sometimes, but only when in Miss Raymond's company; and then his interference somehow invariably seemed to make the hopelessness of the breach more complete than if he had merely held his tongue and preserved a judicious silence.

It was now for about the first time in his life that the steady brain of the latter began to be just a little turned. At an age when the healthy mind is content to live in the present, and to confine its foresight to the limits of the day after to-morrow, he had been led by circumstances to obtain a distant and enchanting view of a future full of infinite possibilities, that gave point and coherence to the growth of his ambition.

Now that Miss Clare was in town, he had become or rather had made himself, absolutely indispensable to her; and, indeed, was it not his duty to render himself useful to his benefactress and patroness in every way that he could? He transacted her business for her — he advised her — he was present whenever she entertained company;

he became, in short, her prime minister, over whom, while she respected him, she could yet exercise the authority that it was necessary for her to exercise over some one. But the result was, that the more he came to mix in it, the more he came to regard the great world as his true field, and to scorn professional paths as much as he had formerly honoured them as affording the best prospect of success for his special kind of talent and energy. Politics were already exercising upon his mind that strange and perilous fascination that they so often exercise over minds like his—that fascination which, once felt, scarcely ever fails to become a life-long passion. Of politics in their higher sense he was, it need not be said, incapable of entertaining the least notion; but of politics as they are understood by most who take part in them—of the politics of intrigue, of faction, of place, and of self-interest—he was capable of entertaining a very clear idea indeed, especially as he was now obliged to realize the fact that he was himself a marketable article. Not only through his association with Miss Clare, but by means of his own many merits of conversation and address, he was forming many useful connections on his own account in the society into which, no one could exactly tell how, he was making a place for himself: and, with the borough of Denethorp full in view it would be strange indeed if he did not manage before long to make a very good bargain of himself. There were not a few men of high position and influence who, although he was still an outsider, were known to regard the Fellow of St. Margaret's as a certain acquisition to the supporters of Government; and there was no one belonging to the set which he now most cultivated who did not consider that to carry out his original idea of taking to the bar would be to throw his talents away. Moreover, he was already beginning to be envied and abused—the best omen for his future success of all, seeing that no one envies or abuses a man of whom he is not afraid. None could deny his talents; but, for the rest, men were beginning to call him, behind his back, prig, snob, legacy-hunter, tuft-hunter, place-hunter, and, worst of all, political adventurer—that terrible and mysterious phrase which, heaven knows why! is supposed to express some ineffable and unpardonable sin. It was plain from all this that, if he should, as was expected, make his mark in the House, he might certainly look forward to serving his country in no unprofitable manner, perhaps to his party, certainly to himself. The country doctor's

son was already beginning to dream of the Treasury instead of the Woolsack; and, as all things seemed, not so very absurdly. In politics, as in other things, adventurers are notoriously fortunate; and why should Mark Warden be less fortunate than others are?

CHAPTER II.

SINCE the opening of this story the tables have been completely turned. Then it was Warden and Marie who were found at the bottom of the ladder, though not altogether without reasonable hope of being able, in course of time, to ascend a few steps; while it was Angélique who lived in present comfort, with a vista of success stretching before her, and Hugh, to whom the present was so complete—so far as life can be held to be complete without love—that the future was rendered secure. Now, on the contrary, Marie had climbed to the height of fame, and Warden had achieved so much of worldly success that his future was in his own hands; while Angélique had fallen to the earth, and Hugh even below it.

It was certainly, whatever view may be taken of his conduct, at all events hard upon the latter that he should be punished so unmercifully as he was for no greater offence than that of marrying for love; but then life is very cruel, and he who chooses to act boldly for himself, instead of sighing and yielding to "good advice," courts suffering. It is true that boldness is the best part of wisdom; but, alas! it is seldom the wise who prosper, unless they are something more than wise. Now Angélique, with all her charming qualities—and they were very charming—was one of those women who are infinitely more delightful before than after marriage—as, indeed, such very charming women are somewhat apt to be. But, though this characteristic of hers is by no means uncommon, her husband is not therefore rendered less worthy of compassion, and certainly not the less because his idol was not yet broken. It is by no means fools alone who are constant to their worship in the teeth of the faults and shortcomings of their god or goddess; and it was a wise man who said that "it is a man's faults that render him amiable." In the case of woman, unfortunately, the axiom might be extended still further; for it is far more often her virtues than her faults that bring a man's love for her to an end. Cleopatra will be the successful rival of Octavia in nine cases out of ten. And so Hugh Lester by no means pitied himself; on the contrary, he flattered himself that though he was certainly damned un-

lucky, he was in reality the most fortunate fellow alive—that is to say, that black was white, and that two and two made five. It is a great question if a lunatic whose monomania is of a pleasant nature is a proper object of compassion on the part of the sane, who are wide awake to all the world's disagreeable realities; and it is at least a still greater question if the man who deifies some perfectly human creature is not to be congratulated. At all events, whatever may come to pass, he will have lived and loved—he will once have been happy, though the godlike attributes of his own invention fall off before his eyes, and leave the clay which they covered and adorned in all the nakedness of its deformity. But though for the present he was fully able to console himself, it would have been some consolation to Miss Clare also had she been able to know how much worse even than she had predicted, the marriage which she had so strongly opposed had actually turned out. It is true that she still loved her nephew in her heart, and that she still wished him all happiness and all prosperity; but it is probable that, daughter of Priam as she was, the burning of Troy must have gratified Cassandra just a little.

Let it not, however, be for a moment supposed that any theory about the nature of *mésalliances* in general is intended to be founded upon the personal experience of Hugh Lester. On the contrary, had he chosen to fall in love with Marie, when he met her under the great beech—how long ago that morning seemed now!—and had she been free, and had he married her, there is surely every reason to think that the loss of Earl's Dene would have been a benefit to him; and yet the *mésalliance* would have been equally atrocious in the eyes of Miss Clare and of the world. But then Angélique was Angélique, and Marie was Marie. It is just the experience of one man that is now in question, and not that of humanity at large, which, in its romantic—that is to say, its better and truer side—has accepted the fact that a marriage made in the face of the world is, for that very reason, more likely to be made with a right purpose, and more likely to contain the elements of happiness, than where it is open to the suspicion of being made upon lower grounds. No one is likely, save on the lowest grounds of all, and where his own self-interest is concerned, to approve of the doctrine that any one who has not the misfortune to wear a crown should be made a slave to wealth and station in a matter that concerns himself and his own heart alone—the doctrine, in two words,

that *richesse oblige*. Is not, under different names, the story of King Cophetua the theme of half the ballads and half the songs that have ever been written—that is to say, of the expression of the best and most honest impulses of men and women? For every woman is born noble, by right of sex, so long as she does not render herself ignoble; while the noblest-born woman is not more than woman after all. Such, at least, is the orthodox creed of a gentleman; and such, therefore, had been Hugh Lester's, whose misfortunes, accordingly, must not be attributed to the fact that he had married a girl without means or station, but solely to the fact that the girl in question happened to be Angélique Lefort.

And for her, poor girl! while Warden's future seemed to be opening before him just like the surface of some beautiful plain that grows wider and wider every moment as the traveller, step by step, approaches the edge of the table-land that overlooks it, so hers, which had given promise of such wonderful things, was narrowing and narrowing like the face of the same plain under the approach of a night of hopeless rain. It was not more than a few months since her dreams had been turning her into a countess at the very least. Now, if she dreamed that she was secure of being able to pay the bill for the lodging of herself and her husband at the end of the week, her dream was more pleasant than usual. It was she who held the office of paymaster; for Hugh was an infamously bad economist, and, like mankind in general, as distinguished from womankind, could never be brought, either in theory or practice, to comprehend that triumph of oracular wisdom, which must assuredly have been invented in a moment of inspiration by some queen of *chiffonnières*, that a pin-a-day makes a groat a-year. These two now had, as much as any two rag-gatherers, to think most painfully of groats and pins; and Angélique, who was a woman, in spite of her large ideas, and a Frenchwoman to boot, took rather a pride in her judicious management of those pence and half-pence which seem so trivial and unimportant to all male creatures who are neither crossing-sweepers nor waiters at *restaurants*. This arrangement was useful in another way besides. Had her husband had the control of their united financial affairs, he would inevitably have made some attempt, however wild, to pay his debts—at all events those that arose from their own present daily needs—in which case the struggle that she was striving to carry on against hope would have to be given up at once and forever.

But, as it was, Angélique knew enough of the ways of the world to know that a pretty woman who always contrives to dress well enough to do justice to her beauty, even though her husband is not a gentleman of good family, must be very simple indeed, and possess an unusually small amount of tact, if she cannot contrive to keep very fairly afloat without any enormous quantity of present coin; and in her own case to fail to do this would be even exceptionally preposterous, seeing that ready money, even when not absolutely necessary, was always procurable to some extent from the now prosperous Marie, who took to living and dressing in a style far inferior to that of her poor cousin, in order that she might assist the latter without taking from what she considered to be due to the children and to her own husband. Of the very existence of this source of supply, and of the disposal of it, Hugh of course knew nothing; and if he sometimes wondered how they managed to get on at all, it was only to admire the excellent economy of his wife. To see her always well dressed was no wonder to him, for, as he had never seen her otherwise, it appeared to him to be a part of her very nature; and he would have been as much surprised to see her going about without her head as without the most elegant of head-gear. Indeed it is not an uncommon delusion among men who have not come as yet into personal and immediate collision with the bills of milliners and dressmakers, that pretty women obtain their plumage as inexpensively as birds of paradise obtain theirs.

A man may, and often does, bear poverty and its attendant evils essentially like a hero; but it is unfortunate that it is almost impossible to appear like a hero either in his own eyes or in those of his contemporaries. Hugh Lester was trying to do the best he could; he never complained of what he had brought upon himself, or thought for a moment of complaining: he was honestly willing and eager to turn himself to anything to support himself and his wife as a man should; and it was certainly not his fault, but the fault of circumstances — of his education, of his scrupulousness, of his wife — that he could find nothing to do. And yet he has to appear in the contemptible light of a man who lived in idleness upon the ill-advised credit of tradesmen, and upon the charity of a hard-working girl, who could ill spare what she bestowed. Who shall say after this that this story contains a hero? But perhaps it is as well that we are ignorant of the details

of the *ménage* of Belisarius himself — that great type of reduced gentlemen.

His poverty was the result of his own fault in a double sense. In the first place, he had clearly committed the unpardonable social offence of having deliberately brought it upon himself; and, in the second place, it need not have continued if he had only chosen to act as other men would have done. If he had properly appreciated his wife and shown himself worthy of her confidence instead of her protection, the two together might have carried on the profession or art of living without an income to very great advantage; and than this art or profession, when it is carried on even with a very small amount of skill, there is none better going. It costs a considerable expenditure of time and trouble, it is true, and often ends in a sudden crash; but the expenditure of time and trouble and sudden crashes are incidental to all professions, and it is better than other professions in this, that, although time may be money, the trouble is inexpensive and pleasantly exciting, while the crash costs absolutely nothing at all. "*Cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator*" — which, in this case, may be translated, "a man of straw may laugh at his creditors." But this was Angélique's great difficulty, that she dared not take her husband into her confidence, but had to carry on the game both for herself and for him at once, and to tell lies not only to the world at large, but to him also, whose obvious and manifest duty it was to help her to lie. "Honesty the best policy" indeed! — to quote yet another proverb. This saying must have been invented by some professor of the art of living upon nothing for the express purpose of throwing dust into the eyes and binding the hands of those upon whom, as well as upon nothing, he and his disciples live, in the same way that the rules of etiquette existing in certain less noble professions have apparently been invented for the benefit of those who have the wit and the courage to break them — heavy chains to the weak and to the scrupulous, but to the unscrupulous and to the strong nothing more than bands of tow. No wise man was ever honest for the sake of profit; and when an honest man does succeed, it is most assuredly in spite of honesty — not in consequence of it.

Nevertheless, thank the gods! disturbed in their eternal calm only by the eternal laughter that this earth of ours must surely afford them, the secret of success is not as yet wholly revealed to men, or the world would be most intolerably divided into the two classes only of the cheaters and the cheated

—intolerably in spite of the hackneyed couplet in Hudibras. There are cynics who assert this is the case, even as things are; but though the story of Diogenes and his lantern is not bad satire, it does not quite follow that satire, to be good, need be based upon mathematical accuracy of observation. It is very likely that had the great Stoic left his lantern in the tub and contented himself with the light of the sunshine, he would not have found his search altogether in vain.

And so, although Hugh Lester may have been driven to get his living in a manner which those whom Diogenes failed to find will certainly condemn, it only proves that a man may cheat without necessarily being a rogue, and be cheated without being of necessity a fool—unless, indeed, it is the mark of a fool to be in love with one's wife, and of a rogue to trust her. In that case, of course, as logicians say, *quæstio cadit*.

So matters went on for a little while. "But," Angélique used to say, whenever by chance Hugh ventured to turn the conversation upon the subject of economy, "what can you know about such things? I have been all my life learning how to make nothing go a very long way indeed; and you how to make a great deal go no way at all. We have both succeeded perfectly. Your knowledge shall be useful to us one of these days, when we are rich; meanwhile mine is most to the purpose. I promise you that I will spend willingly enough when we have plenty to spend—and besides, I should never be able to take care of thousands of pounds. But then you don't know how to manage pence and half-pence as I do." And with this she, who in spite of her professions of diffidence could have managed tens of thousands of pounds to admiration, applied her power to the no less admirable management of real pence and a great many imaginary guineas.

But at last another question arose, and that of a serious kind.

Not even genius can reach the summit of perfection all at once. Enough has been said to show that Mrs. Lester was a very good woman of business and did not find it very difficult to keep her husband in the dark as to means of supply and ways of expenditure. But her capacity for this kind of business was the result of imagination rather than of experience—she had, in short, genius and the making of an artist in her, but she had not as yet graduated as an artist. It was impossible, for instance, for her to have attained to that intimate and practical knowledge of the law of debtor and creditor which she would doubtless,

supposing it to be her fate to continue to tread the paths of pleasantness upon which she had entered, very soon succeed in acquiring. But hers was rather a diplomatic than legal mind: she could gain the favour of tradesmen readily enough; but she did not understand, because she had not yet experienced, the sting that even such worms as tradesmen can put forth when they turn at last. Like most beautiful and charming women, she had far too high an opinion of the influence of beauty and of the charm of manner over men to whom beauty and charm are after all only the attributes of a customer: she thought that butchers and bakers, being, in all essentials, no less men than the idle and complaisant specimens of the sex with whom she had previously come in contact,—no less human than Félix or Hugh—would consider themselves, as Félix or Hugh would have considered themselves, sufficiently repaid for the loss of any number of legs of mutton by a smile. But—alas in the interests of art that it should be so!—butchers have creditors, and bakers have families whose pockets and appetites have to be satisfied with something more than the looks however sweet, of a customer however pretty. For, to speak *en passant*, to this pass had she come that the path upon which she had entered was widening, little by little, into the broadest and easiest path of all. One cannot hold that there is much difference in spirit between her who pays for mutton-chops with smiles and her who pays for an establishment with more than mere smiles. But this is just overstepping the threshold of a sermon, and of a rather commonplace sermon besides, which would be out of place here. It is much more to the purpose to say at once that, in a far less time than may very likely have been suggested by what has been said, Hugh Lester, of all men in the world,—who still, like most men of his stamp who find themselves in his position, fancied that the miracle of the ravens of Cherith was no miracle at all, and had almost been driven, by ocular demonstration and by the faith of his heart, to believe that his wife was literally one of the lilies of the field,—found himself one day suddenly touched upon the shoulder not very many yards from his own door. Unlike the experienced debtor who could not even run up against a post without instinctively asking "At whose suit?" he, absurdly and weakly enough, no doubt, was astonished to find that he was indebted to Madame Jupon of Bond Street—who, in those days had not heard of Madame Jupon?—to the extent of a hundred and twenty odd pounds.

So far as he was concerned it might just as well have been to the extent of a hundred and twenty odd thousand, for he was just as capable of paying the part as the whole; and, in the teeth of Euclid, the part was fully equal to the whole, if not, according to the doctrine of Hesiod and of Dick Barton, greater still.

Unfortunately this, great as it was to him, was only one of many debts; nor was it long before the unlucky carrion became the sport of a legion of kites who flocked to avenge themselves upon the bare bones of the fallen carcass for its having proved too lean to provide them with a substantial meal. It was to be noticed, however, that Mrs. Lester was not so very much put out as might reasonably have been expected when she received a note from her husband dated from *Cursitor Street*. On the contrary, she rose to the occasion grandly. She dashed off an answer full of hope and confidence; and then, instead of acting like a weak woman by hastening to console him who loved her so much by her personal sympathy, acted like a good wife by setting off at once to her old friend *Madame Jupon*.

Now, in spite of what has been said on the matter, it will probably still be thought that this climax in Hugh's difficulties was, after all, rather premature. *Angélique* might, indeed, one may fairly think, have contrived to postpone his making the acquaintance of her milliner's long-standing account—for it related principally to the time when she had her conquests still to make—in so disagreeable a manner for just a little longer. But the fact is, that it is difficult to do complete justice to her talents, which, with regard to this matter, she did not only show by leaving *Madame* much comforted in mind as to the result of a debt which for some time past she had been thinking of setting down as hopelessly bad.

It may be laid down as an axiom in social as well as in political diplomacy that, when something happens which might easily have been avoided with the exercise of a very small amount of skill on the part of the person who is principally affected by it—when the person in question has in general some diplomatic genius, and when the result is clearly for the benefit of the same person—he or she is at all events, to some extent, a not inactive agent in bringing it about.

Now, in the present case, *Angélique* had tried all the schemes that were open to her, and thought over all that were not, or that could by any possibility suggest themselves

to her as means of reopening the communication between her husband and his aunt; and she had come to the inevitable conclusion that all obvious and ordinary means were as vain as they were in reality. Nothing short of at least one miracle would suffice to move Hugh in the matter; nothing short of at least ten would move Miss Clare; and, with all her talents, the power to work such miracles in either case was not hers. But even without so great a power a great deal can be done. If one only has the courage not to be afraid of difficulties, it is not so very hard, simply by watching occasions and opportunities, to convert into instruments of one's purpose the difficulties themselves. So it could not but occur to her, as indeed it would have occurred to almost every one, that to make a show of yielding to Fate was, in truth, the best aggressive policy. Hundreds of chess-matches have been won by the deliberate sacrifice even of a rook, and that not necessarily towards the close of a game. Now this slight accident that had befallen her husband could scarcely be considered as being of so much consequence as the loss of even a pawn. On the contrary, she could manage to get on without him altogether exceedingly well for the present, and to take very good care of her own beautiful self, without feeling the necessity of a knight to help her. But it was in far more than this that she hoped to derive advantage from the apparent catastrophe. It was highly important that Hugh's difficulties should reach a point, at which even the most obdurate of all aunts might think herself enabled to give way without losing her dignity. Miss Clare, if she was not to be moved by affection, was just one to be moved by the fear of notorious disgrace; and as a disgrace she would be sure to consider the imprisonment for debt and the complete insolvency of Hugh. If, as seemed likely, a regular reconciliation was and must continue to be impossible, it was still by no means unlikely that Miss Clare, for her own sake, would feel herself bound to extricate the young couple from their present embarrassment, and to provide means for enabling them to start afresh under more favourable auspices than had hitherto shone upon them; a matter that would certainly be very possible for the mistress of *Earl's Dene*, and would not derogate a jot from the pride which she felt in holding to a resolve that was once formed. Indeed it would be nothing more than what the world would expect from her. Thinking thus, it was no more than natural that *Angélique* should succeed in impressing her

husband's creditors with what, from her own point of view, she conceived to be the character of Miss Clare, and with the improbability of their ever being paid anything unless they brought things to a climax at once. In short, Madame Jupon's might be the hand that smote; but the real arresting creditor was Angélique herself.

Nevertheless, grateful as Hugh ought by rights to have been to his wife for the zeal that she had shown on his behalf, he was, in point of fact, only surprised at, and certainly not gratified by, the result of her zeal. Whatever he might become afterwards, and although, in spite of his troubles, he still kept a plentiful stock of good spirits wherefrom to draw strength against the ills of life, he had not as yet come to such a pass as to look upon this new experience of his as one of the incidents of life to which a man is daily and hourly liable—in fact, as one of those diseases of poor human nature which are so common and so absurd in their symptoms as to be rather a good joke than anything else, like sea-sickness, toothache, or the bilious headache that visits a man who has enjoyed himself too much the night before.

The immediate result was that he found himself compelled to breathe the atmosphere, black and fetid as if with a decayed blight of debt, that surrounds Lincoln's Inn; that he had to meditate upon himself and his position no longer, as had been his custom, at freedom upon the flagstones, but in a chair; and that he was deprived of the power of putting any conclusion at which his meditations might happen to arrive into practice, even if any had come of them,—a result which, judging from the past, did not seem likely.

As may well be conceived, he was without any superfluity of coin about him when he found himself in this plight; and his host instinctively saw at once that he was not one who would do much credit to the house, or even be a fairly profitable customer. He knew that Hugh was Miss Clare's nephew and had been her reputed heir, for it was his business, and the business of those with whom he had many dealings, to know such things; but he judged by outward signs. It was a bad omen when one who looked so much like a gentleman, and was young enough to be careless and free-handed, did not accompany his inevitable demand for writing materials with an order for a bottle of champagne to oil his pen. So, as the house was full, he did not entertain so much respect for his guest as to respect his privacy; and accordingly, in the course of an hour or two, had the pleasure

of introducing him to a still later comer, who, for a wonder, broke the universal rule which makes men invariably, when they find themselves in such circumstances, ask for pen, ink, and paper, whether they want them or no, but who did ask for brandy-and-water—which, though not champagne, was yet more profitable to the house than ink. There was no mistaking the voice in which the order was given; and Hugh was at once aware that he was doomed for the present to enjoy the society of Mark Warden's friend and enemy, Dick Barton himself.

The latter had entered in his usual rough fashion, and without saying a word beyond what was just necessary to ask for what he wanted, with the addition of an expletive or two of the kind which he most affected. Then he threw himself into a chair and stared hard at Hugh. Poverty certainly has the merit of bringing people together who else would never meet. At Cambridge, both had been too well known, each in his own way, not to have known each other by sight; but even there they had never actually met, for there had been absolutely nothing in common between them—not even acquaintances, as any one will understand who is old enough to remember the time when undergraduate society was not, as it is now, of the nature of a social and democratic republic tempered by plutocracy, but that of an aristocracy pure and simple. Since then they had met that once in Warden's chambers, when it had not seemed likely that they would ever meet again. Now, however, there had come to exist between them the strongest of all social bonds—the fact that neither of them was the possessor of as much as ten shillings in the world.

CHAPTER III.

It is written, saith André the chaplain, in the nineteenth article of that Code of Love which, delivered to a knight of Bretagne by the falcon that was perched by Arthur's throne, hath been observed by all men even unto this day, *Si amor minuat, cito deficit et raro convalescit*; which, being interpreted, is to say, "If love grow less, it quickly falls away and seldom recovers."

Now it was with the strongest and strangest feeling of mental disquiet that she had ever known that Marie attempted, as usual, to set about her daily routine of work when her husband once more left her alone at the end of their last conversation. It has been said that she had not in the least comprehended the meaning of what he had said to her any more than if he had spoken to her

in the language of the said André himself instead of his own, and this is literally true; but there is a way of instinctively feeling the drift of a person's meaning which falls very far short of comprehension, but is, for that very deficiency, all the more suggestive. Once more, the half is far, very far, greater than the whole.

Of course almost any one but herself would have come to know for certain, long ago, that she had ceased to be to her husband what he had intended honestly to make her when he so prematurely persuaded her to become his wife — honestly, that is, so far as honesty may lie in fancy and passion unsupported by any of the better things that go to make love what love should be. Any one but herself would have seen, to put the matter shortly, that he was tired of her and of her love — a *dénouement* which any wise man would have seen from the beginning. But the special circumstances of her position prevented her from seeing this, however strong — strong in proportion to their vagueness and dimness — might be the warnings of her heart. She had never at any time known the fulness of the love which on both sides alike gives all and takes all without stint and without fear; and such semblance of its fulness as she had known had fallen upon her when she was a child in spirit as well as in years. Since then love had never, even for a season, been to her the daily food from which she drew her life and strength; on the contrary, her marriage, such as it was, had been to her only a kind of abstract idea, derived, not from her own experience, but from the slight and partial knowledge of marriage which she was able to obtain from her observation of the experience of others, to the use of which she did not possess the key. Of late, indeed, she had turned to other food altogether, and had come to support the life of her soul by her art and her friendship, without in any absorbing degree feeling any overpowering longing for the love of her youth, except so far as it represented and typified to her the dreams of love, unconnected with any special person, for the fulfilment of which her woman's heart could not avoid longing. In this respect her dreams were those of a girl; and her very purity caused them to be such as a wife ought not to entertain, even unconsciously. But it must be admitted that she was not without excuse, and that the chain by which she was bound could not in any case have proved strong enough to confine the dreams of a girl to their legally proper object. Even love, unsubstantial as it is, must have something whereon to feed; and though it may be proof against absence, and even

thrive upon cruelty, it must inevitably fade away before positive indifference.

But still, though indeed love may be starved to death more or less quickly, it cannot be killed utterly all at once — it knows not of the accident of sudden death; and when its place has been taken by acknowledged duty, its ghost — in all appearance more substantial than the unburied corpse — will still perseveringly haunt the heart from which the rightful tenant has long since departed. Marie could have no more told herself, in plain thought, that she neither loved nor was loved in any true sense any longer than she could have told a deliberate lie, even though this would have been but the naked truth. Love itself had really died, but its soul had passed into the form of duty, on whose miserable reed she was now leaning with all her strength, as if it had been a crowbar.

Duty is at best but a weak support to a weak heart, and it is never so treacherous as when it assumes the guise of some one of its enemies; and this was her case, now that she had come to call her sense of duty love for her husband, while she called by the name of friendship what not only the keen eyes of Monsieur Prosper but the blind eyes of the indifferent world had already seen to be friendship of a very dangerous order indeed. Is it then true, after all, that the best kind of friendship — that between a man and a woman — is only a beautiful idea; that it is only love under a false and treacherous name? Is it possible that the men of "common-sense" may be right for once, after all? Well, let them be right for once! It does not happen very often. Only this may be said, that whether they are right or wrong, facts are facts, and no theories will include all cases. If Marie's friendship for Félix was fated to turn into something more, it does not follow that she thereby illustrated any theory whatever, or overthrew any.

"*Nemo duplici potest amore ligari*," says the third article of the Code aforesaid — that is to say, no one can love two people at the same time. If friendship was to grow into love, then, according to the quoted authority, her old love must grow into friendship at the very most. But still, dying love, while it is undergoing the actual process of transformation into friendship or duty, as the case may be, is apt to die hard — to make a far more active resistance to any new-born inclination than living love — simply because it cannot help having an unconscious consciousness, if one may use so transcendental an expression, of its coming fate. And so Marie's heart fought hard

—so hard that it began to ache with the struggle. Indeed she was just one of those women of gentle soul who never know when they are beaten, and will die rather than yield. Had she been free, her love would now have been hard to gain, and, of all men, Mark Warden would have had the least chance of gaining it; but, as she had once bestowed it, it was harder still for him to whom she had given it to force her to resume her free gift.

Fame and artistic success are all very well, but where is the woman to whom they can be all? It is possible for a man to become an artist and nothing more; and then, if he does so, he remains but half a man. He has mutilated his soul, whatever he and the world may gain by the process. He is like one who has made himself a king: he has forfeited the right and the power to be happy as nature bids him and all men and all creatures. He has done even worse for himself than the man who bestows the whole of his soul's youth in crushing the flowers that grow about and around it with his pickaxe, in order that he may grope for the mere earthly gold that lies below them. The latter crushes with the flowers the desire to enjoy their beauty and fragrance; but the former, the more he gathers merely in order that he may paint or sing them, only adds a pang the more to that struggling nature of his that he subdues. When the pith is drawn from his heart, and the poor, dry, empty thing is notched in holes in order that the sun may forget to die, that lilies may revive, and that the dragon-fly may come back to dream, yet still — does not the story end? —

"The true gods sigh for the cost and the pain,
For the reed that grows never more again
As a reed with the reeds of the river."

But if this be the case with a man, how can a woman bear the conversion into a musical instrument at the hands of the beast-god and live at all? None ever did — none ever can. With her, nature — not artistic or intellectual, but sheer womanly nature — will have its course; and if not in one way, then in another. Marie's was not only deprived of its legitimate outlet, but was debarred by the heavenly force of honesty and purity from consciously seeking out for itself any that were not legitimate. Nothing seemed left to her but her art; and, true artist although she was, art with her could be no substitute for nature any more than it can be with any other woman.

Had there been any to observe her with anxious eyes — and, Félix excepted, there was none so to observe her — they would

have seen her face growing pale, the orbits of her eyes growing larger and darker, her lips growing graver. But, at the same time, those who regarded her indifferently saw no changes in her but for the better. If the cheeks were growing more pale, they were, in compensation, losing their *bourgeois* contour in order to gain a more refined and purer outline; if the grey eyes were retreating under the brows, they were at the same time growing in brightness and in depth of colour and of expression; if the curve of her lips was graver, it was also at once both more sweet and more firm than in the Denethorp days. She was in fact developing from the chrysalis state of the country girl, the worshipper of Mark Warden, the friend of Miss Laura, into the Psyche — the woman, with all a true woman's capacities for joy and sorrow, not of the mind but of the heart. Artist as she was almost by accident, it was not till now that the true crisis of her deeper nature had come. She, too, was being plucked from among her fellow-reeds; she, too, was having her heart drawn from her; and, though she knew it not, she, too, was feeling the sharpness of the steel as it entered through her side.

But, however it might be with her, it was becoming far different with her friend — since one must needs call him so; for, seeing that she was the wife of another man, and he the professed lover of another woman, what more should they be than friends? But still, contemptuously, or rather angrily, as he had treated Barton's not unreasonable accusation against her, he was wrong if he thought that the anger of which he was fully conscious was produced by thorough-going trust in her purity — a virtue in which no man who has lived as he has lived and experienced what he had experienced is capable of believing implicitly and unquestioningly. It is strange that a woman, even the most versed in the ways of the world, will trust one whom she knows to be a *roué*, while the least impure among men can scarcely ever bring himself wholly to trust even an angel. And so, if Marie was growing unhappy, Félix was growing positively miserable, whatever his outward life might be; and the misery which he was now beginning to experience was one with which disappointment and even jealousy itself are scarcely to be compared in point of depth and sharpness. There is a time in the life of every dreamer — that is to say, of every man who does not live by sense alone — when all his beliefs and ideas appear to him to have been mere empty illusions, and to have vanished one by one; when his mind and his heart alike seem to

have grown prematurely old; when, in a word, the man not only fancies himself, but is in reality, *blâsé*. The illusions, if such they be, come back again, it is true; for though it is the lot of a dreamer to grow old many times in the course of his life, he has the compensating faculty, denied to those who pass their time in waking energy, of being able to renew his youth after every fit of old age. Even as it is his to know what is meant by old age even in his youth, so it is his also to know what is meant by youth even at the extreme limit of his days. But the first time that he has to pass through the furnace of lost illusions is very hard to bear, and he clings to the last that is left as a drowning man clings to the last spar that floats within his reach. He does not know that he has only to put down his feet and hold up his head in order to touch the firm ground: he believes himself to be vainly struggling to keep himself afloat on the face of the unfathomable sea, and that if the piece of timber to which he clings in his despair should slide from his grasp, he must inevitably sink down to keep company with the remnants of so many wrecked lives. To Félix this one last solitary spar was Marie; and this, too, seemed to be slipping away from his grasp like other things. If she was what Barton had called her — and why should she not be? — then there was indeed no good thing left. He was not, of course, by any means strait-laced, and would willingly have made any woman his friend, whoever and whatever she might be, had sympathy, the one thing needful in friendship, existed between him and her; it was that like every man he clung, and all the more the less he believed in it, to the idea of purity in woman, and liked to think that it existed somewhere in the actual world, though but in one instance alone, and that that instance was known to him. His life had not been such as to permit of his seeing much of it, either in appearance or in reality; and he had in consequence been raising Marie to be the tutelary goddess of his own special altar to Venus Urania. Hugh Lester had been loyally content to worship his image of clay; but Félix had come to lose faith in his image of gold. And so, if the former was worthy of compassion, the latter was worthy of it a hundred-fold. It was now that he was worthy of it — not when his *grande passion* had come to its final chapter. For, however much Hugh may have gained from Angélique to compensate him for what she had caused him to lose, to Félix — even supposing that he had had anything to lose besides illusions — she would most cer-

tainly have proved to be all loss and no gain.

It was wonderful how this new disturbance of mind drove out the old. But it was something like the substitution of seven devils for one. It was not only that his faith, as it seemed, had now received its death-wound, but that he seemed besides to have lost his last friend; that he was, in truth, once more left alone in the world, and that for ever. His quarrel with Barton may seem but a small matter, and not of a nature to be grieved about over-much; but, coming as it did immediately after the latter had struck his cruel blow at the great friendship of all, he felt like that king Psammenitus, who, though he himself was defeated and a prisoner — though he beheld with his eyes his own daughter forced to draw water for his victorious foes — though all his friends and followers were weeping and lamenting around him, less for themselves than for him, — remained calm and silent, with his eyes fixed upon the ground; who, though his son was led to death before his face, maintained the same attitude of stoical resignation; but who, seeing one whom he recognized as having been one of his own slaves, and whose situation was therefore unchanged, led before him among the rest of the captives, fell to weeping and beating his breast with anguish. So had Félix given way at last; in truth because of his loss of faith with Marie, but, as it seemed to him, because of his quarrel with Barton. But though it is thus true that —

“Light griefs are vocal, mighty woes are dumb,”

still, when the two kinds of sorrow come together, it is in reality the heavy grief that speaks: and it only uses the language of the lighter because it has no adequate language of its own.

But dumb as the heaviest griefs of all are bound to be, they no less turn all things to bitterness. And, in the case of Félix, there was that also which in itself was more than enough to make the world taste bitter without any further aid.

Jealousy is the very Proteus of the passions. Moreover, even as love may drive out love, so may jealousy drive out jealousy. The loss of his faith was of course the grand blow that had fallen upon him; but there must have been some reason for his caring so much about the way in which, and the person in respect of whom, it had been dealt. Like Marie herself he also was becoming conscious, after a fashion, of an experience that was altogether new;

and, also like Marie, he was doomed to feel himself obliged to crush his nature under foot. What he had loved in Marie above all things, independently of sympathy, was her goodness and her purity: and though it seemed as though these were to be loved no more, still a feeling that is caused in the first place by a woman's attributes is not so easily dissociated from herself, and is very apt to fasten there, in spite of a man's will, even when the attributes are lost, or discovered to have been without existence altogether.

In short, in spite of his professed loyalty to his *grande passion*, which had now grown so hollow, he was drifting into that horrible condition in which a man finds himself when he is at one and the same time forced to love and forced to despise: to love, that is, not after the manner of the body merely, which is perfectly consistent with any amount of contempt, but in the true way — the way in which contempt enters, when it does enter, like a serpent into a garden of pure flowers.

There is very little use indeed in attempting to describe what people say and do under the pressure of extreme moral pain when the pain must of necessity strike inwards. It is easy enough to give an account of the heroic condition of outward rebellion into which a man falls when he loses some Rosaline or other, or when she proves cruel; but these are "anythings born of nothing." When his *grande passion* had come to its untimely end, Félix had avoided his friends, thrown his dreams of love and art to the winds, and fallen into a brain-fever; but to describe his life now would be simply to say that he ate and drank and slept — after a fashion — and went about such business as he had to go about like other men. There is no passion, after all, so deep, no affection so strong, that it will not yield to the omnipotent tyranny of pride, or at all events carry itself as though it had yielded. Miss Clare's affection for Hugh had undergone this process; and it will certainly have been seen by this time that Félix, if in the matter of pride he was inferior to her, was certainly not more deficient in that quality than other men. At all events he was too proud to confess himself the lover of one whom his jealousy, in spite of himself, forced him to fear was unworthy of the only kind of love that is worth bestowing; and far too proud to willingly render himself liable to the charge of inconstancy — a sin for which he entertained to the full the old-fashioned romantic contempt that is supposed by men like him to have existed once upon a time

in practice as well as in poetic theory. He still tried his best, as a matter of conscience, to cling to the empty shadow of his old passion, and to believe in its reality, even though he must in his soul have known well that the old curse was upon him, —

"That they who change old love for new —
Pray God they change for worse:"

and that, if what Barton had said was in any degree true, it looked as though the curse was in a due way of being fulfilled.

Thus he had now to struggle, and as it seemed vainly, to carry on the losing battle of a dying love; and not only so, but to carry it on against the overwhelming force of a foe that he both feared and hated, but to which he began to feel that he was well-nigh inevitably doomed to yield at last, even if he had not yielded to it already. The night indeed was departing, and day was at hand; but the day that had begun gradually to rise was attended and covered by dark clouds of ill omen that made it look even more threatening and full of gloom than those of the midnight that had in its own time seemed so terrible to bear.

CHAPTER IV.

IN some important respects, therefore, Marie was better off than Félix with regard to the relations in which they stood towards one another; and in others, no less important, worse. But in no respect was she better off than he than in this, that every day she had her daily work upon which to fall back and to expend a great part of the thoughts and feelings that would otherwise have necessarily run to disease. He might also, of course, in a similar manner, have thrown himself into work after the heroic manner prescribed as a remedy for all mental and moral diseases under the sun by the prophets of these latter days; but this is what experience, regardless of prophets and doctors, tells us not even the strongest man ever does unless he finds the hard work ready made to his hand, and unless it is peremptory. It is that the man who has absorbing and peremptory work to do is fortunate; it is not that the man who, when disturbed in heart or mind, cannot make work for himself, is weak. Félix had a very little to do in a very poor way — enough in quantity to keep him afloat upon the sea of poverty — but it was not of a kind to interest him. The man who starts with an ambition to rival some Moretti, and who cannot bring himself, in spite of circumstances, to treat a sublime art as a mere bread-making profession, cannot be sup-

posed to take kindly to spending his evenings in helping a number of professed swine-feeders to provide the animals who looked to them for a provision of tune and time, with the popular compositions which he and his companions in the old Latin days had been used irreverently to term "*Lavure*." Among many of his companions this way of talking had of course been nothing but student cant; and when their student days were over, they had taken very kindly to the purveying of this said *lavure* to the creatures that turn up their snouts at pearls. But Félix had been thoroughly in earnest; and, without being a racer of the highest form, he was still able to scorn himself for being forced to apply himself to the cart-horse work to which he seemed now and henceforth to be doomed. Besides, where a man has been nourished through the channel of the imagination all his days he finds it impossible, whatever people may say, to find consolation in work for its own sake, simply because it is work, when it is utterly uncongenial to himself. A certain amount of insuperable fastidiousness is the penalty that a man must pay for the privilege of being allowed to see visions and to dream dreams. It is true that he might have found congenial occupation in endeavouring to express himself by composition, and so have let out, in the best and most healthy way, much that was turning sour within him; but the artist, at all events, will understand why this was now impossible for him. It is not under the influence of immediate external excitement that men compose; it is a sign of reaction, a proof that the excitement itself is over, when they sit down to express it in words, or colours, or chords. Marie, on the other hand, had never had to seek her food through the imagination: during the period of life when one becomes what one must essentially remain, she had had to draw her nourishment from practical life in the midst of commonplace and terribly realistic surroundings, so that work, simply as work, had with her become a habit, and she would have put her whole soul, or at all events her whole energy, into it whether it had been congenial to her or not. And then, most unlike Félix in this, she had to work for others — if not for her husband, at all events for the children; while he had none to think of or care for but himself alone — a person of whom he still thought a great deal, but for whom he was beginning to care very little. Besides, her task was not to express her own feelings and thoughts, and she was very probably incapable of doing so had she tried; hers was but to express the ideas of

others; and to do this well and adequately there is nothing equal to moral excitement — unless it be champagne.

But, better off on the whole as she undoubtedly was, this was, after all, but burning the candle at both ends; and at every pause in her daily occupations, and whenever she had to rest for a while, she became subject to violent reactions — so violent as to affect her physically. There is a kind of moral delirium which, in some of its worst effects, and even in some of its symptoms, closely resembles the delirium of drink itself, and which, equally with the latter, makes the patient conversant with what is meant by *nerves* — a visitation from which Marie's hitherto healthy nature had till now kept her free. Now this kind of extreme nervous excitement would be an invaluable aid to an artist if a continuance of it did not necessarily end in killing him or driving him mad; and it would make any man capable of attempting if not of doing great things, if it did not distort his judgment — if it did not render him almost incapable of recognizing and appreciating facts so as to distinguish between the real and the unreal — if it did not lead him to act upon reason when it would be wiser to follow impulse, and on impulse when impulse is peculiarly fatal or absurd.

It was under the influence of one of these seasons of reaction with which she was now so often visited, especially when, as was now the case, she had been performing the preceding evening with even greater success than usual, that she was found by Angélique within a day or two of Hugh's arrest.

The contrast between the two cousins was now greater than ever, but certainly not in the same way as of old. There are not a few persons who would now have been tempted to say, on seeing them for the first time, that Marie was even the more beautiful of the two.

The essential part of beauty is of so subtle a character, and depends upon such apparent trifles, that it may well happen that the loss or even the variation of a single unappreciable light or shadow upon the most beautiful of faces may cause nothing short of an absolute and total loss of beauty; while a like variation in a different direction may change a plain face into one that is positively beautiful. Now so much as this had not been brought about as yet in the present instance, for the features of Angélique were far too perfect in themselves, to lose for a long time to come the charm that results from the perfection of sculpture even if they lost every other charm, and loss or want

of natural colour and tone may always be artificially supplied with a very fair amount of success. Angélique had never, even in her best days, entertained a Quakerish horror of the use of the hare's foot, and now she was beginning to find in it a faithful, if not an honest, friend. But there is, after all, one matter in which the virtue of honesty of life and purpose—not only in respect of pearl-powder and rouge—does, for a wonder, obtain something more than itself for its reward. What that matter is, there is no need to say; it belongs to an experience so old and so wide as to have obtained the sanction of even the proverb-mongers, who, for the most part, seem to scorn to tell the world anything that all the world has not known for five thousand eight hundred and seventy-four years at the very least. In the attempt which was made to describe Angélique Lefort in the fifth chapter of the first book of this story, mention was made of a certain want of that harmony about her which is in itself the cause of beauty when beauty is otherwise wanting. Now, this negative want of harmony had almost deepened into positive discord. The change is too subtle to be expressed easily, but it is not difficult to be rendered intelligible. That small, almost too small mouth, had surely never been intended by nature to become so drawn in its lines as to appear smaller still; nor were the large languid eyes meant to express the quick and peculiar energy that was now becoming habitual to them, and that uncomfortably contradicted the increased listlessness of her figure and carriage. These are the most appreciable instances only; but they were enough to show that the spots upon the sun were not unlikely to prove an eclipse in time. And yet it was not that her style of beauty had lost any of its spirituality; on the contrary, in this respect it had gained—only in a wrong and not very pleasant direction. Marie, however, though she did not by any means see her cousin from day to day, was blind to every change; she still believed in her heroines' irresistible beauty as much as in all her heroine's thousand other perfections; and so, it seemed, would she to the end. She, unlike Félix once more, could not cease to believe until belief should be positively slain altogether. She believed in her husband still, and she believed in her cousin, *sicut erat in principio*; and, to all appearance, in spite of the efforts of one of them at least to render her an infidel, *et semper et in secula seculorum*.

The cousins embraced tenderly as usual. It was some little time since they had last met; and though Marie perceived no

change in Angélique, the latter, with her sharper and less believing eyes, saw a very considerable alteration in Marie; and a change, moreover, which she was unable to understand. Nor did she take any pains to speculate about its signification, seeing that she had really important business in hand.

"Marie, *mon ange*, you are not looking yourself. What is the matter? Have you a headache?"

It was days since Marie had heard a word of kindness spoken to her; and though her cousin's voice never at any time had the ring of true sympathy in it, still the voice was Angélique's, and the words were kind. To the surprise of the latter she did what she had scarcely been known to do in her life before—she threw herself into her arms, and burst into a flood of tears.

It may be remembered that if there was anything or any person save her own beautiful self for whom Angélique cared it was Marie; and to see her thus overcome in so unprecedented and apparently so causeless a way distressed her in reality and honestly. She knew how hard Marie had been working of late, and how unused she was to excitement, and feared she was going to be ill. So, for a little while she petted her, and let her have her cry out.

"Anâ now, my darling, what is it?"

Marie, having thus given way, was now heartily ashamed of herself with all the shame of a reserved nature that cannot bear to uncover its nakedness even before its own eyes.

"Oh, I am dreadfully silly—that is all: I was up late last night, and it was so hot, and I got a headache I suppose—and I'm not used to headaches, you know. There—I'm better now, and won't do it again, I promise. I am so glad to see you again. Have you any good news? Has Hugh found anything to do?"

"Marie, dearest, I am in the greatest distress you can conceive. Things have come to the worst at last, I really do think. And how they're to end, heaven knows!" Her style of dress did not give the idea of very deep pecuniary distress, at all events—but that was her own affair. "I'm sure I don't," she continued. "No—Hugh has found nothing, and isn't likely to now, unless that old cat will come round."

"What? He is not ill?"

"Oh no—worse than that."

"Oh, Angélique! Worse than ill?"

"Well, of course I don't mean that—"

"What is it then?"

"Why, I scarcely like to say, even to you. You see we have been *obliged* to

run into debt; we couldn't keep on robbing you for ever——"

"Angélique!"

"Of course not; and so I suppose we went a little too far. Anyhow, Hugh has been arrested for what we owe."

"*Mon Dieu!*" exclaimed Marie, starting up suddenly and forgetting herself and her own less tangible troubles at once. The word "arrested" did not mean to her an ordinary accident to which all men were more or less liable, as they were in those days to taking the small-pox or fighting a duel: to her it conveyed the idea of constables, cells, chains, judges in scarlet and ermine, and transportation at least for the *dénouement*. Such was her own agitation at the ideas conjured up before her mind's eye by that in itself extremely innocent word, that she did not notice how calmly so serious a matter was taken by her whom it most concerned.

The latter, not comprehending Marie's nervous condition, could scarcely help smiling, so much more conversant was she with the ways of the world.

"And so what in the world we are to do now, I cannot imagine," she went on quietly. "The sum is not very large, it is true; but when one has nothing at all, it doesn't matter whether one owes much or little—I am not sure it is not better to owe much, on the whole. And if Hugh couldn't pay before, poor fellow, how do they think he can pay now that he is shut up?"

"How much is it?" asked Marie, eagerly.

Now it must not be supposed for a moment that Angélique, having played so good a card as that which consisted in getting her husband caged, was going to lose the advantage of such an appeal to Miss Clare by getting him let out again. If she was to be in debt, she might as well turn her debts into trump cards, and not throw them away, and the benefits that they were likely to bring, for such a trifle as Marie might be able to spare her. Nor had she foreseen that the first thought of her cousin would have been how Hugh might be restored to freedom. It would certainly not have been her own first thought under similar circumstances, inasmuch as she had by this time learned the value of money; and so it did not occur to her that it would have been that of any one else. But still, under the influence of the new light that Marie's last eager question had given her with regard to the extent to which impulsive generosity might go, she considered for a moment before she answered,—

"Oh, it is not a very large sum—at least Miss Clare or Miss Raymond would not call it so. It is only large to paupers like us. It is not more than fifty pounds or so."

Marie's face fell. To a woman whose financial operations consist in dealings with shillings, and who has no debts, to owe fifty pounds all at once without having the means and ability to pay them, seems something very dreadful indeed. And in point of fact, fifty pounds was a sum that she herself could very ill afford to spare immediately. One may be in the enjoyment of a great deal of fame, and be getting on in more substantial respects very well and very securely, and yet not be in constant possession of a balance to the good of even so much as the sum of which Angélique had spoken so slightly.

"Fifty pounds!" she said. "And will paying that get him out of——"

"Yes; I should think so. Of course there is what are called costs, and things. But I have no doubt that would do, if one only knew where to get it."

"Prosper owes me some money," replied Marie, hesitatingly, "and he has sometimes made me advances. Perhaps——"

"But, my darling, I could not think——"

"But surely—when Hugh is in prison! We will go and see Prosper at once——"

"No; that would hardly do. My husband's misfortune——"

"But we need not tell him what it is for."

"In that case; but are you sure you can spare it?"

"My dear Angélique! what a question!"

"Well, you are *mon ange* indeed. What can I say to you? By the way have you seen anything of your old friend Mark Warden lately?"

Marie flushed, and then grew pale, as though her ears had suddenly caught the name of a lover; and for the same reason. For her mind was confused with regard to her feelings towards him, and to his towards her.

"No—not for some time."

"Ah, I suppose he will forget us all now. What luck some people have! And yet he had no better chances than others."

"Forget us! Why? What has happened?"

"Why, Marie, you look quite frightened! One would think you were back in the days of the old flirtation at Denethorp. But you are not, are you? Well, you have both had better fortune apart, I must say, than if you had come together, as we used to joke about. My angel has become a

great artist; and he, who was never fit to look at her,—as if any man in the world was fit to look at her!—”

“Well”

“It certainly is a piece of news. It will astonish Denethorp with a vengeance, and quite throw into the shade my own little escapade. He is going to be master of New Court—there!”

Nothing could have been more bitter than the tone in which she, as it were, threw these words at Marie. But Marie could not be expected to understand them. She could only repeat her cousin's bitter words in the form of a blank question.

“Going to be master of New Court?”

“You may well ask like that! Yes; old Dr. Warden's son, Lorry's brother, the grandson of a country shopkeeper, is going to marry Miss Raymond of New Court. Well, we women are strange creatures!”

Well indeed might Marie, being what she was, and knowing what she knew, be taken aback by such news. Had her last conversation with Warden never taken place, she would have treated such a report as false on the face of it. But, with that conversation still fresh in her recollection, the very suggestion of such a report, unproved as it was, and false as it must almost of necessity be, was at all events sufficient to open eyes that were even as blind as hers were. And it did open them—or rather tore them open, for they insisted on keeping themselves closed even still; so much is constancy difficult to convince of inconstancy. Yes; in spite of

Félix, in spite of all things, she was constant still, though the constancy had but little to do with the source from which constancy should spring. No one can rule his heart in such matters; but women like Marie can refuse to be ruled by it—and that is constancy of a nobler sort than mere incapacity of changing. The latter is, after all, but the constancy of the needle to the pole, which remains unvarying and unvariable, because it is involuntary; the former is that of the martyr to his faith, who remains true to it because of his will.

She spoke, however, very calmly and quietly—much more like her old self than had of late been the case—as she replied,—

“That cannot be, Angélique.”

“Perhaps not; but it is true, all the same.”

“Who told you?”

“Did you ever hear of a great friend of Mark Warden's called Barton?”

“I have heard of him.”

“He is with Hugh now where they are keeping him at a place near Holborn—so you see I have the story on the best authority. And if I had it on worse I should believe it, for I guessed as much all along.”

There was so little confidence between the husband and wife, that for aught Marie knew, Barton might be the most intimate friend that Mark had in the world. But she made no farther answer, for her heart gave a leap at the sound of a knock at the door, which she recognised only too well.

CHRIST'S INVITATION.

COME unto me, ye who are tired and sad;
Come unto me, that I may give you rest;
Come unto me, and I will make you glad;
Come and be blest.

Come, ye who struggle in a gulf of shame;
Come, ye whose sin God only will forgive;
Come! for I have for you a new, white name;
Arise and live.

Come, ye who see not, through the misty night,
The stars that out of God's own windows shine;
Come unto me, and I will give you light,
Human, divine.

My heart is yearning with a strong desire
To fold the world in tender, close embrace;
Come to me through the sanctifying fire
That hides my face.

Sunday Magazine.

THE *American Entomologist and Botanist* for April contains a paper entitled “Wheat-rust and barberry rust” (placed singularly in the entomological department), defending the accuracy of the statement well known to European botanists, but which appears to have been attacked in America, that the neighbourhood of barberry trees is a prolific cause of rust in wheat; the fungus which causes the latter disease, *Puccinia graminis*, and the fungus which produces the bright yellow spots on the leaves of the barberry, *Æcidium berberidis*, being, in fact, different conditions of the same plant. An article entitled “Scientific Language,” justly rebukes the tendency to use long latinised words, where plain English words would do just as well, and especially the coining of barbarous compound terms, derived from two or three different languages. There are also several good descriptive papers, both entomological and botanical, specially interesting to American naturalists and collectors.

From The Fortnightly Review.
SIR THOMAS MORE ON THE POLITICS OF
TO-DAY.

THERE may, perhaps, be readers who have not time or opportunity to read the life or the writings of Sir Thomas More, to whom it may yet be of some interest to know what was thought by a Conservative English statesman, three hundred years ago, on topics of such practical interest to ourselves at the present moment as Ireland, small properties, the enclosure of commons, Church establishments, standing armies, and the education of girls.

The work in which most of these opinions of Sir Thomas More are to be found, the "Utopia," was published in the year 1516. The writer was at the time six-and-thirty years of age. He was the son of Sir John More, one of the Judges of the King's Bench, and had been for many years in good legal practice, Judge of the Sheriff's Court in London, Member of Parliament, and employed on more than one diplomatic mission by Henry VIII. A man of the world in the best sense of the term; experienced in practical business, an eminent lawyer, an accomplished writer; a friend or correspondent of many of the most learned men of his time; and much sought by the king for his agreeable society, Sir Thomas More was yet pre-eminently a lover of quiet family life, and even of solitude. But wherever he was—in his own home, at Court, or (in after life) on the Bench, in the Tower, or on the scaffold—his ready wit, set off by a peculiar calmness and gravity of demeanour, was always remarked. It may, indeed, be said of him, that his cheerfulness of temper and moderation of character, along with that love of the *via media* in politics and religion for which he gave his life, make him a typical Englishman; and to the honour of the type it may be said, too, that there are few men, the details of whose life are known to us, whose character presents a more agreeable union of various and estimable qualities. He was distinguished at once by worldly shrewdness and by scrupulous honour both in his professional and family relations. Remarkable for the steadfastness of his religious opinions, as well as for his respectful observance of the devotional practices of the Catholic Church (for whose spiritual supremacy he died a martyr on the scaffold), he recommended religious toleration both as a philosopher and a politician, and practised it in his own family to what would be a remarkable degree even at the present time: for he not only permitted his favourite daughter (herself a zealous Catholic) to marry a man who had imbibed the

new heresies in religion, but he permitted his son-in-law to live in his house, and was always on the most affectionate terms with him, while never hesitating to discuss the topics on which they differed in opinion.* Simple even to austerity in his daily life, an habitual water-drinker and rigid faster (and always wearing a hair-shirt under his clothes), he was not only one of the wittiest, but he was one of the merriest men of his times, so that some of the most characteristic stories related of him show him teasing his sensible and prosaic wife by what she thought his untimely jests. He would scarcely have been a true Englishman if he had not either sought for worldly distinction, or obtained it without seeking for it; but he also would not have been a fair type of the more illustrious among his countrymen, if, being in Parliament, he had not been conspicuous in opposition. When Henry VII. called together a Parliament to demand heavy subsidies on the marriage of his eldest daughter Margaret, it is said of Sir Thomas More, then a young man, that "when the consent of the Lower House was demanded to these impositions, most of the rest, either holding their peace, or not daring to gainsay them (though they were unwilling to grant them), Sir Thomas, making a grave speech, brought forth such urgent arguments why these exactions were not to be granted, that hereupon the king's demand was crossed, and his request denied; so that one Mr. Tiler, one of the king's privie chamber, went presently from the house, and told his majesty, that a bearded boy had disappointed him of all his expectation; whereupon the king conceived great indignation against him, and could no way be satisfied, untill he had in some sorte revenged it."†

On this occasion, "thinking he could not live in England without great danger, standing now in the king's displeasure," he—

"Studied the French tongue at home, sometimes recreating his tired spirits on the violl; where he also perfected himself in most of the liberal sciences, as Musike, Arithmetike, Geometrie, and Astronomie, and grew to be a perfect historian."

Nor was the sacrifice he was ready to make on this occasion a small one from a worldly point of view; for he was already married, and was in what was considered exceptionally lucrative practice at the bar. The danger, however, was removed by the

* The reader will not be surprised to learn that in these circumstances, as the wife and father-in-law did not end by coming over to the young man's opinions, he ended by coming over to theirs.

† More's "Life of Sir Thomas More." Edit. London, 1726, pp. 35, 36.

death of Henry VII., and by his becoming an especial favourite of the new king; who, after sending him on missions into France and Flanders, not only made him member of the Privy Council, Treasurer of the Exchequer, and finally Lord Chancellor, but —

"The king's custome was upon holie daies, when he had donne his devotions, to send for Sir Thomas into his Traverse, and there some times in matters of Astronomie, Geometrie, and Divinitie, and other such sciences, to site and conferre with him: otherwhiles also, in the cleere nights, he would have him walke with him on the leads, there to discourse of the diversitie of the courses, motions, and operations of the starres, as well fixed as of the planetts; and because he was of a verie pleasant disposition, it pleased his Majestie and the Queene at supper time commonly to call for him to heare his pleasant jeastes. But when Sir Thomas perceaved his wittie conceits so much to delight him that he could scarce once in a moneth gett leave to goe home to his wife and children, whome he had now placed at Cheslev, three miles from London, by the water side; and that he could not be two daies absent from the Court but he must be sent for againe, he, much misliking this restraunte of his libertie, beganne thereupon to dissemble his mirth, and so by little and little to disuse himselfe, that he from thenceforth at such season was no more ordinarily sent for."*

This deliberate retirement of a man at once so thoughtful and so practical as Sir Thomas More, from a position of great personal influence at Court, gives peculiar interest to a passage in the "Utopia," where he discusses the question, how far a philosopher can exercise a useful influence in the councils of sovereigns? Feigning to be (when still a young man) in conversation with an old man of much experience and great thought, he says —

"I still think that if you could overcome that aversion which you have to the courts of princes, you might, by the advice which it is in your power to give, do a great deal of good to mankind; and this is the chief design that every good man ought to propose to himself in living: for your friend Plato thinks that nations will be happy when either philosophers become kings, or kings become philosophers; it is no wonder if we are so far from that happiness, when philosophers will not think it their duty to assist kings with their counsils."

To this Raphael, his interlocutor, replies: — "Many of them have already done it by their books, if those that are in power would but hearken to their good advice." And, then, after enumerating at some length the favourite follies and crimes of the political men of that age (not all, unhappily, quite exploded yet), he asks: —

"If I should talk of these or such like things to men that had taken their bias another way, how deaf would they be to all I could say?" "No doubt, very deaf," answered I; "and no wonder, for one is never to offer at propositions, or advice, that we are certain will not be entertained. Discourses so much out of the road could not avail anything, nor have any effect on men, whose minds were prepossessed with different sentiments. This philosophical way of speculation is not unpleasant among friends in a free conversation; but there is no room for it in the courts of princes, where great affairs are carried on by authority." "That is what I was saying," replied he, "that there is no room for philosophy, in the courts of princes." "Yes, there is," said I, "but not for this speculative philosophy, that makes everything to be alike fitting at all times; but there is another philosophy that is more pliable, that knows its proper scene, accommodates itself to it, and teaches a man with propriety and decency to act that part which has fallen to his share. . . . If ill opinions cannot be quite rooted out, and you cannot cure some received vice according to your wishes, you must not, therefore, abandon the commonwealth, for the same reasons as you should not forsake the ship in a storm, because you cannot command the winds. You are not obliged to assault people with discourses that are out of their road, when you see their received notions must prevent your making an impression upon them. You ought rather to cast about, and to manage things with all the dexterity in your power, so that if you are not able to make them go well, they may be as little ill as possible; for except all men were good everything cannot be right; and that is a blessing that I do not at present hope to see." "According to your argument," answered he, "all that I could be able to do would be to preserve myself from being mad while I endeavoured to cure the madness of others. . . . And if we must let alone everything as absurd or extravagant, which, by reason of the wicked lives of many, may seem uncouth, we must, even among Christians, give over pressing the greatest part of those things that Christ bath taught us. . . . The preachers seem

* More's "Life of Sir Thomas More," pp. 43, 49.

to have learned that craft to which you advise me; for they, observing that the world would not willingly suit their lives to the rules that Christ has given, have fitted his doctrine, as if it had been a leaden rule, to their lives; so that some way or other they might agree with one another. But I see no other effect of this compliance except it be that men become more secure in their wickedness by it. And this is all the success that I can have in a court; for I shall always differ from the rest, and then must I signify nothing; or, if I agree with them, I shall only help forward their madness. I do not comprehend what you mean by your casting about, or by the bending and handling things so dexterously, that if they go not well they may go as little ill as may be; for in courts they will not bear with a man's holding his peace, or conniving at what others do. A man must barefacedly approve of the worst councils, and consent to the blackest designs: so that he would pass for a spy, or possibly for a traitor, that did but coldly approve of such wicked practice; and, therefore, when a man is engaged in such a society, he will be so far from being able to mend matters by his casting about, as you call it, that he will find no occasion of doing any good; the ill company will sooner corrupt him than be the better for him, or if, notwithstanding all their ill company, he still remains steady and innocent, yet their follies and knavery will be imputed to him; and, by mixing councils with them, he must bare his share of all the blame that belongs wholly to others."*

Sir Thomas More represents himself as having no reply to make to this final answer of Raphael; and, as we have already seen, his own conduct was in accordance with the advice he puts into the mouth of the older man. The contrary doctrine, "you ought to cast about and manage things with all the dexterity in your power, so that if you are not able to make them go well they may be as little ill as possible" (which he confutes with so much eloquence and good sense, but which leads so many good men to this day to screen the chicanery and corruption of others with their own honest names), was just then receiving its fullest development in the great work of Machiavelli, where the art of contriving to get as much good as may be, out of evil, by a skilful use of the weapons of evil men, was taught in its highest perfection.

Sir Thomas More being now in high favour with Henry VIII., and Speaker of the House of Commons, does not seem to have taken to heart the lesson he learnt in

Henry VII.'s time, but once again made himself obnoxious to the higher powers by his characteristically ingenious and humorous defence of the privileges of the House. Cardinal Wolsey was of Mr. Craufurd's way of thinking, and had complained that the debates in the House of Commons were not kept secret, but were "immediately blown abroad in every ale house," and soon afterwards, having occasion to demand a great subsidy from the House, he feared "It would not pass the Lower House unless he were there present himself, before whose coming it was long debated whether they should admit him with a few of the Lords, as the most opinion of the House was, or that they should receive him with his whole trayne. 'Maisters' quoth Sir Thomas, 'for as much as my Lord Cardinal lately, ye woote well, layde to our charge the lightneise of our tounge, for things uttered out of this House, it should not in my mind be amisse to receive him with all his pompe, with his maces, his pillers, his poleaxes, his crosse, his hatt, and the great seale too, to the intent, that if he finde the like faulte with us then, we may lay the blame upon those whom his grace bringeth with him.' Upon which words the House wholly agreed, and so he was receaved accordingly. There the Cardinal with a sollemne speethe, by many reasons proved how necessary it was that the demande there moved should be granted, but he seeing the companie silent contrary to his expectation, showing no inclination thereto, demanded of them some reasonable answer; but when everie one still held their peace he spake in particular to Mr. Murrey; who, making no answer neither, he asked others also; but they all had determined to answer him by their speaker [Sir Thomas More], who spake therefore reverently on his knees, excusing the silence of the House, abashed, as he sayd, at the sight of so noble a personage, who was able to amaze the wisest and most learned in the realme. Yet with manie probable arguments he proved this his manner of coming to be neither expedient nor agreeable to the ancient liberties of that House; and for himself in conclusion he showed, that except all they could put their sundrie witts into his head, that he alone in so weightie a matter was unmeete to make his grace a sufficient answer. Whereupon the Cardinal, displeased with Sir Thomas that he had not in that Parliament satisfied his expectation, suddenly rose in a rage and departed."*

* More's "Life of Sir Thomas More," c. xi. pp. 51, 52.

* "Utopia," Edit. London, 1751, pp. 33-46.

But the offence he gave on this occasion seems rather to have been to Wolsey than to the king; so that in spite of it he was soon after appointed Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and, on the fall of Wolsey, Lord Chancellor. Among some of the most curious and characteristic anecdotes of his life are those that are told of the ingenious, but scrupulous devices by which he contrived to excuse himself from accepting gifts from suitors to his court, without either apparent ostentation, or any want of courtesy to the suitors. On one occasion, a gold cup having been presented to him as a new year's gift by a man in whose favour he had decreed a suit, accepting it, he ordered his butler to fill up with wine, and then, after drinking to the health of the suitor's wife, he bestowed the cup upon her as a new year's gift from himself. Many of these facts became public at the time of his disgrace, when an attempt was made, but failed, to fasten a charge of corrupt administration upon him. It must be admitted that the contrast between this honourable caution of Sir Thomas More to keep his name free from the shadow of an imputation, and the conduct of Lord Bacon, makes it the more to be regretted that the later man of genius did not copy the example set him by the earlier.

With all his boldness in philosophical speculation, Sir Thomas More clung with reverent affection to the old religion, and steadily refused to acknowledge the king's supremacy over the Church. Not merely his official rank, but the reputation of his blameless life, his incorruptible honesty, his legal knowledge, and his well-known theological erudition, combined with the disinterested position he occupied as a layman in such a controversy added great weight to his opinion in favour of the old religion, and made the king and his advisers peculiarly desirous of inducing him to take the oath of supremacy which had been taken by so many of the clergy. But all their efforts were in vain. While, with his usual toleration of other people's opinions, he declared before the Commissioners appointed to tender the oath, "that he neither would find fault with the oath nor with the authors of it, nor would blame the conscience of any man that had taken it," he declared it to be contrary to his own conscience, and positively refused, whatever might be the consequences, to take it himself. After more than a year's imprisonment in the Tower, during which every effort was made to induce him to change his resolution, he was condemned to death for contumacy in refusing to acknowledge the

king's supremacy over the Church, and on July 6th, 1535, he laid down his life on the scaffold, a martyr to the ancient privileges of the Catholic Church.

Such a death must certainly exonerate him from the charge of being a rash innovator, and must add weight to the deliberate convictions in favour of novel ideas which he has expressed in his *Utopia*. When we remember that he had arrived at these convictions in spite of all the prejudices of his time, and in apparent contradiction to the reverential and law-respecting tendency of his own mind, it is startling to find them so often in accordance with many of the opinions which even now, so many years after his death, are generally looked upon as too new and bold for practical acceptance. Yet they are taught now, as they were so long ago, by the very men who, like Sir Thomas More, combine the greatest powers of mind with the widest and profoundest knowledge of the teachings of history and of the thought of past ages. That the name of the work in which a great lawyer of the pre-eminently worldly and practical sixteenth century set forth his ideas of the political and religious institutions best calculated to make men good and happy, should have become synonymous with "visionary" is a fact perhaps best explained by the very general indifference, on the part of the ruling powers of the world, to men's goodness or happiness. Many of the changes recommended by Sir Thomas More—as for instance, the abolition of the punishment of death for theft—have been lately carried out. That many others will yet require much labour before they can be effected should be a lesson to us how slow a work is the ripening in the general intelligence of mankind of the beneficent conceptions of great minds. It should be a lesson, too, to men of genius to lose no time in commencing, by the promulgation of their ideas, a work which requires so much time before it can be perfected.

The "*Utopia*" has the honour of being the first fruits in speculative politics of the revival of learning.* The idea is derived from the "*Republic*" of Plato; but, as we might expect from a writer of so much worldly experience, Sir Thomas More's imaginary conceptions of political institutions have constant reference to the actual condition of the society he saw around him. This gives a great additional attraction to his little book, both from the historical in-

* Machiavelli's "*Prince*," written about 1513, was not published until 1532.

terest it gives to it, and because in reading it we are constantly reminded how near we ourselves are to the institutions he lived among; how very much broader a chasm there is between Plato and More, than between More and ourselves. The "Utopia" professes merely to be a narrative of what he heard from a Portuguese traveller whom he met at Antwerp, when he was on one of his embassies into Flanders; and the first portion contains some preliminary conversations between himself and this traveller (Raphael Hythloday by name), of which I have already given some specimens in the discussion on the influence that may be exercised over sovereigns by an honest and independent thinker. Raphael is described as a man who had accompanied Americo Vespuccio on three of his voyages, and who, equally fond of philosophy and of travel, had visited in the course of his travels and resided for many years in the island of Utopia; the system of government and the social institutions of which he prefers to any he has read of or seen elsewhere, and describes to Sir Thomas More at his request. The book is so short, and the translation of it into English by Bishop Burnet is such pleasant reading, that I will not attempt to give an outline of these institutions, which indeed could scarcely be well done in fewer words than in the book itself. Whoever cares to consider them as a whole, will be well repaid by consulting the delightful little book, with its many happy touches of humour. It would not be easy to put even the remarkable speculations in which the writer lays down a completely Utilitarian system of ethics, or his eloquently and yet closely reasoned defence of Socialism, into a much shorter form than they bear in the original, and it would be very easy to lose in the process some of the incidental touches of wit by which the work is enlivened; such a one, for instance, as that where the author commences his account of the clergy of Utopia by telling us, "Their priests are men of eminent piety, and therefore they are but few." This sort of union of observation and of reflection, the satire of a man who has seen the habitual want of piety of a numerous clerical class, combined with the philosophical tracing of it back to its necessary cause — the rarity of great piety in human nature — while it is thoroughly characteristic of the author, bears some resemblance to Shakspeare; and the practical nature of the inference drawn — that since piety is rare, the profession of it must be rare too if it is to be honest — obvious as it seems, is quite worthy of an "Utopian"

politician. Indeed, perhaps an "Utopian" philosopher might be defined as some one who makes uncommon application of common sense.

Equally "Utopian" will appear at first sight to many readers Sir Thomas More's allusion to the relations between England and Ireland, in his praise of a nation who, having conquered a neighbouring kingdom, "found that the trouble of keeping it was equal to that by which it was gained; that the conquered people were always either in rebellion or exposed to foreign invasions; . . . while their king, distracted with the care of two kingdoms, was the less able to apply his mind to the interest of either. When they saw this, and that there would be no end to these evils, they by joint counsels made an humble address to their king, desiring him to choose which of the two kingdoms he had the greatest mind to keep, since he could not hold both; for they were too great a people to be governed by a divided king, since no man would willingly have a groom that should be in common between him and another. Upon which, the good prince was forced to quit his new kingdom to one of his friends (who was not long after dethroned), and to be contented with his old one. To this I would add, that after all those warlike attempts, the vast confusions, and the consumption both of treasure and of people that must follow them, perhaps upon some misfortune they might be forced to throw up all at last; therefore it seemed much more eligible that the king should improve his ancient kingdom all he could, and make it flourish as much as possible; that he should love his people, and be beloved of them; that he should live among them, govern them gently, and let other kingdoms alone, since that which had fallen to his share was big enough, if not too big for him."

It certainly has been very strikingly exemplified this year that our Government, "distracted with the care of two kingdoms, was the less able to apply its mind to the interest of either." For while it has been impossible to get through "Temple Bar" this session, all the measures required for the good government of England, Parliament has had its time taken up not only with measures for Ireland, but with measures for coercing the Irish press and people from even claiming to be allowed to take off our hands some of that work of legislation which we ourselves have not time to do, by having an Irish Parliament for the consideration of Irish measures. It is plain that Sir Thomas More looked forward to the possibility of a partial separation from Ireland resulting in a

complete one, for he says the "friend" who was placed on the throne "was not long after dethroned;" and yet he thought it worth while to take this risk rather than to maintain the union by force, since, "perhaps, upon some misfortune they might be forced to throw up all at last." And, in the meantime, the familiarizing of the public mind in England with the Coercion Bills and suspensions of Habeas Corpus, cannot continue without injury either to that jealous love of liberty which is essential to national freedom, or to that just sense of the equal sacredness of our own rights and those of others, which can alone give us any claim over a neighbouring people.

I have already mentioned More's toleration in religious matters. It is curious also that he should have in some measures anticipated the conception of a national Church with no precise dogmas, but with an established ceremonial so vaguely worded as to admit of persons of a great variety of religious opinions joining in it; carrying out into the institution of the Church itself the original idea of the prayer called the "Collect," in which the officiating priest presents the collected prayers of all the individuals of the congregation. In Utopia, we are told, "There are several sorts of religions, not only in different parts of the island, but even in every town. . . .

Every man might be of what religion he pleased, and might endeavour to draw others to it by the force of argument, and by amicable and modest ways, but without bitterness against those of other opinions. . . .

This law was made not only for preserving the public peace, but because the interest of religion itself required it. He [the lawgiver] judged it not fit to determine anything rashly; and seemed to doubt whether those different forms of religion might not all come from God, who might inspire men in a different manner, and be pleased with this variety; he, therefore, thought it indecent and foolish for any man to threaten and terrify another to make him believe what did not appear to him to be true. And supposing that only one religion was really true, and the rest false, he imagined that the native force of truth would at last break forth and shine bright if supported only by the strength of argument, and attended to with a gentle and unprejudiced mind. . . . Though there are many different forms of religion among them, yet all these, how various soever, agree in the main point, which is the worshipping the divine essence, and therefore there is nothing to be seen or heard in their temples in which the several persuasions

among them may not agree; for every sect performs those rites that are peculiar to it, in their private houses, nor is there anything in the public worship that contradicts the particular ways of those different sects. . . .

Nor are there prayers among them, but such as every one of them may use without prejudice to his own opinion."*

Sir Thomas More was of opinion that religious toleration should have been practised in his own time in England. For his son-in-law relates that, before the time of Henry VIII.'s divorce from Catherine, or quarrel with the Pope, he himself (who had by that time become a Catholic) was rejoicing over the "happy estate of this realm that had so Catholic a prince that no heretic durst show his face; so virtuous and learned a clergy, so grave and sound a nobility, and so loving, obedient subjects, all in one faith agreeing together;" and that Sir Thomas More replied, "And yet, son Roper, I pray God that some of us, as high as we seem to sit upon the mountains, treading heretics under our feet like ants, live not the day that we gladly would wish to be at league and composition with them to let them have their churches quietly to themselves, so that they would be contented to let us have ours quietly to ourselves."*

In these days, when the press teems with complaints of the increase of the "dangerous classes" and "habitual criminals" in towns, and the advance they have gained on the police; and when, at the same time, public attention is beginning to be attracted to the enclosure of commons; and when the accumulation of the land in a few hands is beginning to arouse murmurs even in England itself, in spite of the safety-valve of the colonies; it is interesting to observe that, in Sir Thomas More's opinion, these evils were closely connected with one another, and were owing (in his time) mainly to the fact that in England—

"There is a great number of noblemen that are themselves as idle as drones, that subsist on other men's labour—on the labour of their tenants, whom, to raise their revenues, they pare to the quick. This, indeed, is the only instance of their frugality; for, in all other things they are prodigal, even to the beggaring of themselves. . . . To the increase of pasture, by which your sheep, which are naturally mild, and easily kept in order, may be said now to devour men, and unpeople, not only villages, but towns; for, wherever it is found that the sheep of any soil yield a softer and

* "Utopia," pp. 140, 143, 144, 155, 156.

* Roper's "Life of Sir Thomas More," London, 1822, pp. 34, 35.

richer wool than ordinary, there the nobility and gentry, and even those holy men, the abbots, not content with the old rents which their farms yielded, nor thinking it enough that they, living at their ease, do no good to the public, resolve to do it hurt instead of good. They stop the course of agriculture, destroying houses and towns, reserving only the churches, and enclose grounds that they may lodge their sheep in them. . . . When an insatiable wretch, who is a plague to his country, resolves to enclose many thousand acres of ground, the owners, as well as tenants, are turned out of their possessions, by tricks, or by main force, or, being wearied out with ill-usage, they are forced to sell them."

The care which More remarks among the pious landed proprietors of his time to "reserve the churches" would find more than one parallel, in our own days, among country gentlemen, who, while permitting no labourer's cottages on their estate, take care to build a church near their park gates.† It is curious that this care for the churches (in More's time) should so immediately have preceded the downfall of the Church.

The sheep of which Sir Thomas More complains have been, in a great measure, superseded in England by cattle; and, by an odd coincidence, we find again a likeness to what has lately happened, in the fact that—

"Since the increase of pasture, God has punished the avarice of the owners by a rot among the sheep, which has destroyed vast numbers of them; to us it might have seemed more just had it fell on the owners of them."

I hope my readers will remember that this last irreverent remark proceeds from a pious conservative gentleman of the sixteenth, not from a philosophical radical of the nineteenth century.

In short, concludes Sir Thomas More—

"If you do not find a remedy to these evils, it is a vain thing to boast of your severity in punishing theft; which, though it may have the appearance of justice, yet, in itself, is neither just nor convenient. For if you suffer your people to be ill-educated, and their manners to be corrupted from their infancy, and then punish them for those crimes to which their first education

disposed them, what else is to be concluded from this, but that you first make thieves and then punish them?"

Sir Thomas More condemns the "maxim of pretended statesmen," that "It is necessary for the public safety to have a good body of veteran soldiers ever in readiness. They think raw men are not to be depended on, and they sometimes seek occasions for making war, that they may train up their soldiers in the art of cutting throats. . . . But France has learned to its cost how dangerous it is to feed such beasts. . . . And the folly of this maxim of the French appears plainly even from this, that their trained soldiers often find your raw men prove too hard for them; of which I will not say much lest you may think I flatter the English. Every day's experience shows, that the mechanics in the towns, or the clowns in the country, are not afraid of fighting with those idle gentlemen if they are not disabled by some misfortune in their body or dispirited by extreme want."

France has, in our own day, once again "learnt how dangerous it is to feed such beasts" as standing armies; and the yeomen of the Northern States of America have once again shown the world what untrained freemen can do against gentlemen, well trained, but enervated by the habits of despotism; just as the yeomen of England taught the same lesson in their successes against the "chivalry" of France in the middle ages.

In "Utopia" Sir Thomas More relates that "both men and women are taught to spend those hours in which they are not obliged to work in reading, and this they do through the progress of life."

And he caused the same education to be given to his daughters as to his son. Writing to his children's tutor, he says:—

"Neither is there anie difference in harvest-time, whether it was man or woman that sowed first the corne; for both of them beare name of a reasonable creature equally, whose nature reason only doth distinguish from brute beastes, and, therefore, I do not see why learning in like manner may not equally agree with both sexes; for by it reason is cultivated, and (as a field) sowed with wholesome precepts, it bringeth forth excellent fruit. But if the soyle of woman's braine be of its own nature bad, and apter to bear fearne than corne (by which saying manie doe terrifye woman from learning), I am of opinion, therefore, that a woman's witt is the more diligently by good instructions and learning to be manured, to the ende, the defect of nature may be redressed by industrie. Of which

* The writer knows of a case where the labourers employed in building a church at the park-gate of a landed proprietor, were obliged to walk some miles morning and evening, to and from their work, because no labourers' cottages were allowed on the property. The consecration sermon of this church should have been on the text, "Ye lade men with burdens grievous to be borne, and ye yourselves touch not the burden with one of your fingers!"

minde were also manie wise and holie ancient Fathers, as, to omit others. S. Hierome and S. Augustine, who not only exhorted manie noble matrones and honourable virgins to the getting of learning, but also to further them therein, they diligently expounded unto them manie hard places of Scriptures; yea, wrote manie letters unto tender maydes, full of so greate learning, that scarcely our old and greatest Professours of Divinitie can well reade them, much less be able to understand them perfectly. If, therefore, you reade anie such thing unto Margaret and Elizabeth, besides their lessons in Sallust, for they are of riper judgement by reason of their age than John and Cecilie, you shall make both me and them everie day more bound unto you; moreover, you shall hereby procure my children being deare by nature, after this more deare for learning, but their increase of good manners most deare unto me. Farewell. From the Court this Whitsuneeve."*

Sir Thomas More had, like Shakespeare, the misfortune to lose his only son in early life, but it is pleasant to know that he was well repaid for the care he had bestowed on his daughters' education. One of them in particular, his eldest daughter, Margaret Roper, possessed talents which were often the subject of her father's delighted encomiums, and she was his favorite companion both in their home, and, in the last year of his life, during the imprisonment which preceded his noble death.

* More's "Life of Sir Thomas More," c. iv. pp. 123, 130, 131.

From The Popular Science Review.
WHAT FILLS THE STAR-DEPTHS?

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR, B.A., F.R.A.S.

FOR more than two centuries and a half astronomers have studied the depths of heaven with the telescope, piercing farther and yet farther into wondrous abysses of space, gathering clearer and yet clearer information as to the structure of celestial objects, and accumulating an untold wealth of knowledge respecting the habitudes of the great system whereof our sun is a constituent orb. During all this process of research, the great end and aim of astronomers has been to extend the range of their instrumental appliances, in order to analyse more scrutinisingly the features of each portion of the celestial depths. Now and then it has occurred to some among the number

to endeavour to combine the results which have been gathered together with so much pains; but these attempts have been almost lost sight of amidst the continual accumulation of fresh facts. The efforts made to arrange and systematize our knowledge have been altogether out of proportion with its extent.

And, very strangely, when any attempts are made to educe from the labours of observers their proper significance, to reap the harvest which is already ripe, or rather to grind the corn which is already in our garners, the cry is raised that such attempts are fit only for the theorists, that they argue a want of appreciation of the labours of observers, and that we have more to hope from fresh observations than from any process of mere reasoning. Surprising, indeed, that those who say "Let us use the observations already made," should be accused of undervaluing observation; and that those who can find no value or significance in past observations, should call so eagerly for fresh ones!

I make these remarks because I am about to exhibit certain views respecting the habitudes of interstellar space, which have been formed from the study of the past labours of astronomers. I am fully sensible of the fact that to many I should seem better worthy of a hearing, if I nightly timed my watch by the stars, if I had spent a few years of labour in attempting to divide well-known double stars with inadequate telescopic power, or if I had in some other equally convincing manner exhibited my title to be regarded as a member of the now large array of amateur telescopists who work so hard and effect so little, and suppose themselves to be practical astronomers. Let me not be misunderstood, however. It is only because I wish to see amateur telescopists engaged on more useful researches, because I wish to see them devote a little more consideration than they do now to the thought of advancing astronomy, that I speak slightly of the modes in which at present they are for the most part wasting time. We want all their help, and more, to advance the interest of our well-loved science; all their telescopic appliances are too few for the work astronomers would like to see them doing.

In studying the heavens, we have always this great difficulty, that we are looking at objects, which are in reality at very different distances, but which appear to lie on the concave surface of a vast spherical enclosure. It seems almost hopeless to attempt by any processes of observation to obtain reliable estimates of the distances of all, save a very

few, of the fixed stars. It is not going too far to say that we are tolerably certain of the distance of only one star in the heavens — the star, Alpha Centauri. This being the case, and the heavens spangled with millions of objects at altogether unknown distances, we must look carefully round us for evidence of another kind than that derived from actual measurement — we must look for signs of association, for definite laws of aggregation — if any such exist — and, if possible, we must apply that mode of inquiry from analogy which Sir William Herschel found in many instances so effective.

And here, as I have mentioned the name of this great astronomer, to whom we owe the first systematic survey of the heavens, and the first attempt to reduce the results of observation into law and order, I wish with, extreme diffidence, to point to what I cannot but consider an error of judgment in his selection of the principles which were to guide his survey of the heavens. It appears to me, that it would have been in all respects better had his first processes of stellar observation been directed to gauge the probability that this or that law of distribution prevails in the heavens, rather than to the application of a system of star-gauging, which, if founded on a mistaken assumption, was necessarily but a waste of labour. It would have been a misfortune if the unequalled observing qualities of either the elder or the younger Herschel had been misapplied for a single hour; but the possibility that the labours of both these astronomers should have been devoted year after year to a process which (if my views are just) was practically useless, is painful indeed to reflect upon. It is true that the labours of the Herschels have been so numerous and so widely extended, that even the recognition of their star-gaugings as of little real utility would leave the great mass of useful results credited to them almost unaffected; but it would remain none the less a misfortune that labours, which in the case of other men would have worthily filled a lifetime, should have been misdirected.

And yet when one considers the matter apart from preconceived notions, how inconceivably small the chance appears that these laws of distribution believed in by Sir William Herschel actually prevail within the sidereal depths. How amazing that to his clear perceptions the idea should ever have seemed probable that the celestial spaces are occupied only by orbs resembling our sun. For, be it distinctly noted, that his belief in the existence of gaseous nebulae, and orbs in various stages of devel-

opment, belongs to the latter part of his career as an observer. Undoubtedly the whole system of star-gauging was founded upon the belief that the sidereal system consists of stars, varying greatly perhaps in size, but still not so greatly but that the least of them would be visible in Herschel's great telescope, as far as the very limits of the sidereal system, and that these stars are distributed with a certain general uniformity throughout space.

It is well to observe how fatally any error in this fundamental hypothesis affects the significance of any system of star-gauging. We turn a telescope in a given direction, and we see, perhaps, four or five faint stars. According to the Herschelian hypothesis, the limits of the sidereal system are near to us in that direction, because the stars seen are so few, and those stars being necessarily within those limits, and faint, belong probably to the lower orders of real magnitude. But what if that hypothesis be erroneous — if there may exist in this or that direction vast blank spaces a thousand-fold larger, perhaps, than the whole sphere of the visible stars in extent? Then, perchance, these four or five faint stars may lie farther from us than the farthest belonging to some of the richer starfields; they may form a group of orbs which individually surpass Sirius or Canopus in magnificence, and are separated from each other by distances exceeding many thousandfold those which separate our sun from neighbouring luminaries. But, yet again, suppose that in any direction our telescope reveal crowded star-fields, orbs of all orders of apparent brightness, "strewn as by handfuls, and both hands full," and each increase of power adding fresh riches to the display. According to the Herschelian hypothesis, there is but one explanation of these wonders; we are looking into a widely extended part of the sidereal system, and those different orders of stars lie at different orders of distance — the farthest at distances so enormous that we cannot attain to them. But, in what a different light we must regard the scene if we remember the possibility that that wondrous wealth of stellar display need by no means argue enormous extension. All these sparkling orbs may be gathered into one region of space, their various orders of apparent lustre arguing various orders of real magnitude. Instead of looking into star-lit depths, which extend linearly from the eye far out into space beyond the ordinary limits of distance separating from us the outer bounds of the sidereal system, we may in fact be contemplating a wondrously variegated star-group.

But the conclusions we are to form must be founded not on the consideration of what *may* be, but on our observation of what *is*. There is abundant evidence for forming probable views respecting the general laws prevailing within the sidereal system; at any rate for deciding whether it is more probable that there is or not any general uniformity of distribution within its limits.

One direct consequence of the laws of probability has been very much lost sight of in dealing with the subject we are now engaged upon. It has been urged that where so many stars are spread over the heavens, at so many various distances, we ought not to be surprised if very great varieties of distribution should be observed, nor conclude, therefore, that the general uniformity predicated by Sir William Herschel may not prevail as respects distribution in space. It has been forgotten that the vastness of the numbers in question should tend to a uniformity of apparent distribution, instead of the reverse.

I had been led myself to overlook this consideration, obvious as it is, until it was impressed upon me in a very striking manner during a somewhat novel process of research.

I wished to determine what peculiarities of distribution might be expected to appear among a number of points spread over a plane surface perfectly at random. It is clear that this is a preliminary consideration very necessary for the purpose of determining whether the laws of distribution seen among the stars are accidental or not. Now, the problem of determining by purely mathematical considerations what peculiarities would probably appear in a chance distribution of any given number of points, is one which may be regarded as altogether too difficult for solution. Very simple problems of probability have been found perplexing, inasmuch that two eminent mathematicians of the last century are said to have disputed over the question whether the chance of tossing one head and one tail in two throws of a coin were one-half or one-third.* But problems concerning the chance distribution of points are specially difficult, as any one will find who tries a few apparently simple ones.† Therefore, I

sought to solve this particularly complex problem in a practical manner, by simply spreading a number of points at random, and examining the result. But *how* to distribute points perfectly at random? It seems very easy, but is not so by any means. Suppose we take a handful of grains, and throw them upon a table. Will they then be strewn without law or order? Very far from it. The fact that they have all come from the same hand will lead to very obvious effects, taking away altogether from the desired random character of the distribution. Then, again, suppose we were to distribute grains over a table from a sieve as large in extent as the table, and uniformly filled. In this case the grains would be distributed with a uniformity not appertaining to chance distribution. And so of a number of other contrivances which may be thought of; in every case of mechanical distribution, we always find either an enforced inequality or an enforced equality of distribution, not that really random distribution which we require.

The plan I actually adopted, if laborious, was at least satisfactory in this respect. I took a table of logarithms (any other book full of tabulated figures would have done equally well), and opening the book at random, brought down the point of a pencil upon the page of figures. The numeral on which, or nearest to which, the point fell, I entered in a book. In this way I took out several thousand figures, following each other in altogether random sequence. Then, having divided two adjacent sides of a square into 100 equal parts, I drew parallels to the sides, through the points of division, thus dividing the square into 10,000 small squares. Now, suppose the first four figures in my list to have been 7324. I took the seventy-third parallel measured from one side, and the twenty-fourth measured from the adjacent side of the square, and at the point where these lines intersected I placed a black dot. I treated the next four numerals in the same way; and so on, until I had exhausted the series. I thus had upwards of 1,000 dots distributed perfectly at random over the square.

Now, as I went on marking in the dots, I found that at first groups and streams might very well be imagined to exist among the dots. But, as the process continued, these groups and streams were obliterated (so to

are marked in at random; what is the chance that they will be within a given distance (say one inch) of each other? (2.) Three bullets strike a circular target three feet in diameter; what is the chance that the lines joining the three points where the target is struck will include a triangle less than one square foot in area?

* The erroneous reasoning by which the answer is made to be one-third seldom fails to puzzle the uninitiated. "There are," said D'Alembert, "three possible events: either two heads must be thrown, or two tails, or head and tail; of these three possible events, only one is favourable. The chance of that event is, therefore, precisely the same as the chance of drawing one particular ball out of a bag containing three, — that is, it is one-third."

† For instance, here are two: (1.) On a square surface of given size (say one square foot) two points

speak), until at length, when all the dots were marked in, it required a very fanciful imagination indeed to conceive that any signs of special laws of distribution existed among them. I was thus reminded of the great law of probability, that the mere numerical increase of trials ensures a steady increase in the uniformity of the results. For example, if one tosses a coin a few times, there will often result a very remarkable preponderance of "heads" or "tails;" but where one continues tossing the coin a great number of times, the ratio between the number of "heads" and "tails" approaches more and more nearly to equality. And, applying this law to the case under consideration, it follows that if a very large square sheet were divided into an indefinitely large number of small squares, and an indefinitely large number of perfectly equal dots were marked in according to my plan, or according to any plan securing a perfectly random distribution,* an accurate miniature of that sheet (taken by photography, suppose) would be found as uniformly tinted by these chance-distributed dots as by any mechanical process of uniform dotting.

Therefore, supposing that any general approach to uniformity of distribution exists among the stars, we ought to find all signs of special arrangement disappearing as we extend the range of our researches. We cannot then possibly explain the peculiarities actually observed as due to the enormous number of stars and the resulting probability that remarkable arrangements might accordingly be looked for, since the exact reverse is the case.

Now I conceive that so soon as we pass the third or fourth orders of star magnitude, we reach orders large enough, numerically, to supply the information, clear of the effects of mere accident, which we actually need in this instance. Among the stars down to the fifth magnitude, there is surely a sufficient number to enable us to begin to reason, with some degree of confidence, as to the constitution of stellar

space. Therefore, when, in 1866, I was constructing my gnomonic maps of the heavens, in which stars of these orders are included, I was disposed to regard the signs I met with of special laws of distribution as significant of real laws; and accordingly I put forward, in that year, the theory that the stars are aggregated into streams and clustering aggregations, with relatively bare spaces all round them. And, furthermore, it seemed to me, even at that stage of the enquiry into the habitudes of stellar space, that the Milky Way probably consists of relatively minute stars, and not, as had been supposed, of stars generally comparable with our sun, and forming a system extending to enormous distances on all sides of us; while I was led to regard the nebulae as belonging to the sidereal system and not as external galaxies resembling that system.

But recently I have had occasion to apply processes of mapping to stars down to the sixth magnitude, or, in all, to four times as many stars as before. And clearly one cannot regard signs of arrangement among so many as 6,000 stars as being due to accident. The largeness of the number altogether precludes the possibility of this being the case.

When, therefore, it appears that among stars of the first six magnitudes there are signs of special laws of aggregation, we are bound to accept as legitimately following from the evidence, the conclusion that real laws of aggregation exist among the stars. We may not be able to tell what these laws are — we may mistake a number of separate clusters for a stream of stars, or the nearer end of a stream for the farther end, and so on; but the broad fact remains that the stars are gathered into some regions and withdrawn from others, and, further, that within the same region of space stars of very different orders are, in many instances, gathered together.

The general results of a systematic survey of the stars of the first six magnitudes seem certainly to force upon us such conclusions. They are as follows:—

1. The southern hemisphere contains more stars of the orders considered than the northern, in the proportion of about seven to five.

2. The stars of these orders are gathered into two definite regions — a northern and a southern — so markedly, that the distribution of stars within these regions is richer than the distribution over the rest of the heavens, in the proportion of about five to two.

3. The stars of these orders are associ-

* One of the most interesting results of any such process as that above described, is the striking evidence afforded of the fact that any circumstance affecting the random character of the distribution is sure to tell when many trials are made. I was led to enquire whether in my list of numerals any special numbers seemed unduly to preponderate. I found that the number 8 appeared oftener than the rest, and that to an extent which I could not ascribe to mere accident; 1 and 7, on the other hand, appeared less frequently than the rest. The reason is obvious: the figure 8 covers more space, 1 and 7 less space, than any other figures; so that when the point of the pencil fell between an 8 and one of these figures, the chances were more favourable to the 8 being selected as the figure nearest to which the point came.

ated in the most intimate manner with the Milky Way, inasmuch that when the Milky Way is included with the two rich regions above-named, it appears that stars in the single division thus formed are distributed about three times as richly as over the remaining portion of the heavens.

These results cannot be regarded as due to mere chance-distribution, unless we are to forget all the rules which the science of probabilities lays down for our guidance in such cases.* And if once we admit that they result from real laws of aggregation, our estimate of the nature of the sidereal system is wholly altered. We see at once that we are not dealing with a system that can be gauged; for if within the limits of naked-eye vision there exist these aggregations and these *lacunæ*, we may be full sure that throughout the sidereal system they exist also, and what confidence can we have in any system of gauging applied to depths so diversely occupied? Our sounding-line may light on a rich stream or clustering aggregation of stars, or it may pass through relatively vacant spaces, yet we can by no means conclude from the richness of the one region or the poverty of the other, that the line reaches either very far off or relatively very near the limits of the sidereal scheme.

Again, regarding either of the rich regions referred to above as consisting wholly or in part of a definite aggregation of stars happening to lie relatively near to us, is it not abundantly evident that other such aggregations at different orders of distance would exhibit many of the features which we see in the nebulae, and have been in the habit of associating with regions lying beyond the sidereal system? Or—to arrive at a similar conclusion from different evidence—if the Milky Way be really as it seems (from the third of the above results), a stream of stars of many different orders, with an enormous preponderance of relatively small stars, is it not abundantly evident that, supposing any portion

of this stream removed to a greater distance, the fainter regions would vanish first, and that the brighter regions would appear as small discrete patches of nebulous light, or naked-eye nebulae? Now conceiving the stream yet further removed, until even these patches become telescopic objects, would they not in all respects resemble the stellar but irresolvable nebulae?

Thus it appears to me that we have not only no grounds for believing that the nebulae are external galaxies, but tolerably distinct evidence that the stellar nebulae are distant aggregations of stars of many orders of magnitude. Such aggregations may also themselves present, and doubtless they do present, all orders of magnitude, precisely as within the two rich stellar regions above referred to we find every conceivable variety of aggregation, and precisely also as within the Milky Way we find, on the one hand, bright regions as extensive as that which lies in the constellation Cygnus, and, on the other hand, regions as limited as the double cluster in Perseus.

Have we, on the other hand, any satisfactory reasons for regarding the nebulae as external galaxies? Tracing back the course of that process of discussion which has led to the nebulae being commonly so regarded, can we indicate any one argument which may be looked upon as definitely pointing to such a conclusion? *I know not of one.* I have carefully studied the writings of Sir William Herschel, and I venture to assert, without fear of valid contradiction, that every single consideration adduced in favour of the nebulae being external galaxies has been founded on the assumption that the sidereal system is continuous—that is, on an assumption which Sir William Herschel himself was the first to throw doubt upon.

But the evidence derivable even from Sir William Herschel's own writings goes farther than this. He not only formed views respecting the sidereal system diametrically opposed to those which he had entertained when his conceptions respecting the stellar nebulae were put forward, but he arrived, by his careful study of the nebulae system, at a conclusion which, rightly interpreted, brings the nebulae into close association with the sidereal system. For, noticing the aggregation of the nebulae at the northern region, which lies farthest from the Milky Way, he confidently expressed his belief that any sound theory of the universe must account for that peculiar relation. In other words, no theory of the universe can be regarded as sound which treats that relation as accidental. So that Sir William Hers-

* The effect of numbers in diminishing the probability of such signs of law resulting from mere chance-distribution, must here again be insisted upon. It is most important to notice how it bears upon the conclusions we are to form. Here is a simple illustration of the law of probabilities in question.—Suppose we toss a coin 4, 8, 12, and 16 times, and inquire what is the chance that in the several cases either heads or tails will preponderate in the proportion of 3 to 1. Now the exact mathematical solution of this problem shows that when 4 trials take place, the chance is 5-5, or more than 1-2; when 8, the chance is 37-128, or less than 1-3; when 12, the chance is 299-2048, or little more than 1-7; while when 16 trials take place, the chance is reduced to 2517-32768, or less than 1-13. The chance would become indefinitely small if, instead of 16, we took several thousand trials.

chel himself regarded the nebulae system in a light which in effect associates them in a real manner with the sidereal system.

In fact, and in conclusion, that great astronomer was not bound, as so many of his modern followers have been, by his own earlier theories. As his researches continued, his views gradually changed. The process of change went on during the whole course of his career as an observer. He advanced steadily from truth to truth, and when at length the close of his labours approached, he looked onwards, and not backwards. He would have been the last to desire that astronomers should take even his latest and best theories as including all that they could desire or hope to know; but it would have been even more painful to him to imagine that the views he held, when as yet his labours were but beginning, should be adopted by future astronomers in preference to those which were the fruits of his ripened experience.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

REST.

I HAD a long illness at the end of last year—not dangerous, not very painful, but compelling me, as an indispensable aid to recovery, to keep steadfastly to my bed. Such a mischance had not befallen me for twenty-five years. I am habitually an early riser, spending little time a-bed, and it seemed strange to me at first, with a strangeness not unmingled with self-reproach, to hear the cry of the milkman from between the sheets; but this soon wore away, and there came over me a calm satisfaction with my lot—something more than mere patience. And now I look back to the time with a feeling almost of regret, as though I should not much deplore the necessity of spending it all over again. It is true that all the conditions were in my favour. I had physicians as wise as they were kind, the best and brightest of nurses, and the sympathy of a few loving friends. And I had what I had not known for many years, something nearly approaching to—

REST.

I had a fanciful notion at the time—and I have not ceased yet from the indulgence of the thought—that “the good Fairy” which watches over me, seeing that I would not of my own motion cease from labour, had purposely prostrated me that I might rest mind and body from the ceaseless work of years, and rescue what little good might still be left in me for use in a later day.

Not long ago, some papers were written, in a popular periodical, on “Enforced Pauses in Life.” I could not, at the time, make a pause in life to read them; but I was much struck by the title, and I often feel an extreme amount of thankfulness for the occurrence and recurrence of these enforced pauses. They may last for only five minutes, or they may last for an hour, a day, a week, a month. It is impossible to calculate the good that they do. In the midst of a hard bout of writing-work, just as I am, perhaps, getting into a state of congestion, I miss a certain paper, or I cannot find a certain book. I am compelled to rise from my chair, to change my position, to go into another room, to spend a quarter of an hour, perhaps, in an active search, which may, after all, be unsuccessful. But the labour has not been labour lost; I am all the better for it; there has been some rest of the brain. Then, again, there is a stoppage on my line of railway: I am detained for an hour on my way to business. I spend the time between looking out of window and reading the advertisements in my newspaper; I take in a succession of entirely new ideas, not one of which may be of much value: but I have rested for a while, perhaps I have slept a little in the course of my detention. I have been ordered to halt and to stand at ease; I have been compelled to rest, whether I would or not; and however much I have chafed at the commencement, I have always acknowledged, at last, that the hour has been well spent. For rest is a thing to be *done*, as well as work; and if we are disinclined to do it, we should be thankful that the “Providence which shapes our ends” sometimes compels us thereto, in spite of ourselves. But for these occasional compulsions, I might, long ere this, have been in a churchyard or a mad-house. At least, I am convinced—and the conviction brings a strong feeling of gratitude in its train—that if I always had my own way, I should not now be writing this essay, enjoying the soft summer air, and the sweet odour of the roses in my garden. What we are wont to call mischances are commonly blessings in disguise. And so I thought that as these small pauses had not been enough for me, it had been beneficently ordained that I should be laid in my bed for six weeks and ordered to take my rest.

So I took it, not merely uncomplainingly, but in the main gratefully. And I have been thinking that perhaps nothing but a decided attack of illness, placing me under the strict discipline of the faculty, would have had the same beneficial effect. We

are wont to coquette with slight ailments. Admonitions of the gentler kind are too often unheeded. Nature benignantly indicates the time to pause; but man, stiff-necked and presumptuous, too often disregards these warnings, and instead of ceasing to work, works badly, against the grain. Then, again, as to voluntary cessation from labour, there are conditions to be observed with respect to the perfect realization of the idea of a holiday, which some men, by reason partly of their natural dispositions, partly of their adventitious surroundings, can rarely fulfil. The nominal holiday often brings with it anything but genuine rest. Too frequently a man's business pursues him into the country, haunts him at the sea-side, crosses the Channel with him, sits upon his back wheresoever he goes. "This is his own fault," it may be said. Nay, rather it is his misfortune. It is the result commonly of a conscientious feeling, that what a man can do he ought to do with all the power that is in him; and that he has no right, for the sake of personal ease and enjoyment, to lose sight of his appointed work, unless he be perfectly assured in his own mind that it can be done equally well by others in his absence. I have heard much of the "happy faculty" of getting thoroughly rid of the burden of work,— "shaking it off" is the favourite expression; I do not doubt that it is a very happy faculty to the possessor, but the happiness may be confined to himself. I do not wish to be misunderstood, and, therefore, I must discriminate a little in this place. There are times and seasons when it would be a mere waste of self not to get rid of all cares of business, all thoughts of one's work. If one can do nothing, it is needless self-torture to kick against the pricks of the inevitable. There can be no self-reproach where there is no power to do otherwise.

What I mean is best shown by a familiar illustration. Whatever may be the business to be done, whatever the difficulties to be surmounted, whatever the cares and anxieties attending them, when business hours are over on Saturday evening, when the last post has come in and gone out, a man feels that he can do nothing more till Monday morning. It is out of his own hands. God's law and man's law alike decree his quiescence. To endeavour to cast out, during that blessed interval, all corroding thoughts, is surely the duty of all of us, as it is a privilege to be suffered to accomplish it. And I am disposed to think that there are few to whom this privilege is not mercifully vouchsafed. I have heard men, upon whom the burden of the

world has sat by no means lightly, declare that they always sleep better on Saturday night and wake later on Sunday morning than any other time of the week; and that although Monday morning amply revenges itself, that sabbatical repose of the *dies non* strengthens them for the struggles of the coming week and keeps them from breaking down. I shall speak of this more fully in another place. I desire here only to illustrate the difference between enforced and wilful quiescence. Thus to "shake off business," when no business can be done, is a privilege if it come naturally to us, and wisdom if it be attained by discipline of the mind. I can see no use in opening letters of business on Saturday night, that cannot be answered and acted upon until Monday morning. To do so may give one a troubled Sunday, without helping the matter in hand. But when the banks and the marts and the exchanges are open; when men are buying and selling, borrowing and lending; when the public offices are in full departmental activity; when statesmen are meeting and legislators are babbling, and judges are sitting on the judgment-seat, it may be neither a privilege to be able to shake off business, nor wisdom to encourage the faculty. To lose a single post, to be half-an-hour late at a certain place, may make all the difference between success and failure. That which brings ease of mind is the knowledge that we have done our best—that it is not in our power to do anything more than we have done, or differently from what we have done. But there is the bitterness of self-reproach in the thought, that if we had not yielded to some infirmity or some temptation, some self-indulgence of the moment, causing us to lose a train or to miss a post—or, on a larger scale of pleasure-seeking, to be at a distance from the seat of business, when we might be close at hand—everything might have turned out differently, to our contentment instead of to our despair.

We cannot, unfortunately, get over the fact that all the tendencies of the age are the very reverse of favourable to Rest. I should be a mere Goth, an outer barbarian of the worst kind, if I did not thankfully acknowledge the benefits which the present generation derives from the almost magical rapidity which both thought and matter are conveyed from one spot to another. Communication by post has been wonderfully improved, and the electric telegraph is a great institution. But posts and telegraphs are among the disturbing accessories of life; and a man, connected with business of any kind, official, professional, or commercial,

can hardly expect to enjoy anything like genuine Rest, so long as he is within reach of the post or the telegraph. The telegraph now, under post-office development, is invading the remotest districts. Happening some weeks ago to visit an obscure village or townlet in South Wales, I was surprised to see the posts and wires following the rural road, miles away from the station, and thus bringing London within a few minutes distance of my retreat. In a little time, I suppose that there will be no place in which the telegraph cannot find you out. I have thought sometimes in my search after rest, whether I would not, on leaving London, for an autumnal holiday, leave directions behind me to forward no letters or telegrams, or, as a certain preventive to the despatch of all unwelcome missives, to leave no address behind me. I envy, if I do not applaud, those who can do such things — who can thus cut themselves off from the outside world altogether, and feel no misgivings of danger. Of the faculty of abstraction I have spoken above. I am now writing of the permissive or preventive circumstances. And it unfortunately happens that the very men, to whom perfect repose is most essential, are those whom hostile circumstances rarely suffer to enjoy it. They may go to distant places in the holidays, but they cannot deny the approaches of the post and the telegraph; and if they did, their apprehensions and anxieties and self-reproaches would give them as little genuine rest as their letters and their messages and the office-boxes which are sent down to them. It is best, therefore, I am disposed to think, as most contributing to rest in such circumstances, cheerfully to face your business, to do such work, or to issue such orders for its doing, as will keep the wheels going without accidents; to get over it every day as expeditiously as possible; and then to give yourself up to recreation and amusement. Change of air and change of scene may do much for a man, and it is no small thing to be able to work by an open window, with the fresh air of the departing summer breathing upon you, and fair field and smiling flowers to meet your eyes, when you lift them from your papers. Besides, there is a blessed immunity from the distracting, at times almost maddening, interruptions to which, at the head-quarters of your business, you are always subject — legitimate interruptions from clerks and clients, and illegitimate incursions and intrusions from the idle world, barbarians regardless of the value of time, coming on their own private business or on no business at all, impervious

to hints of all kinds, from covert appeals to ill-disguised reproaches. There is gain in the direction of Rest from the absence of these disturbing influences, which is sufficient answer to those who thanklessly exclaim: "I might as well have remained at office." Better, again I say, under these happier conditions, to do one's work, than to be accessible to continually recurring apprehensions of disaster and the stings of a lively conscience.

It is the absence, I am inclined to think, of these sharp twinges of self-reproach which, to a man encumbered with the affairs of the world, makes a period of sickness the nearest approach to a period of Rest to which he is ever likely to attain, until he has rid himself of all fleshly encumbrances. There is something very comforting in utter helplessness. It is God's will that you should for a while be inactive — and there's an end of it. Satisfied that all that comes from the Almighty disposer of all events is for the best, you resign yourself to his bidding, as a child; and with this childlike confidence come childlike tastes and inclinations, and something like a childlike state of intelligence; the mind, like the body, eschewing strong diet and delighting in the mildest nutriment. I am one of those who, in seasons of health and strength, live upon meat and wine. I eschew delicate cakes and meek beverages. I have a horror of slops. I thrive best upon heroic ailment. But there are pauses in men's lives when the heroic is at a discount. Mind and body are alike in this. At such times I have found solace in the perusal of books of the milder sort, which in full health I should have regarded as the most insipid of all possible reading — books of the humdrum order, such as mild domestic stories about goody people, who neither do nor suffer anything that is not done or suffered by people of one's own acquaintance every day of the year. I would not class among these books such a work as Miss Martineau's *Deerbrook*, which is good reading at all times. I read it once, for the second or third time, during a severe attack of the gout, under a continual sense of gratitude to the writer. It is, indeed, a great book, with as much meaning in it as Bulwer's *Rienzi*, to which in my mind I have frequently compared it. Dr. Hope is a sort of *Rienzi* of middle-class life in England. Widely different as are the costumes, the scenic effects, all the external accessories, there is in both the same moral groundwork — the same truth wrought out by different means. The variableness of popular favour is finely illustrated by each writer. But I

could read one when I could not read the other. Indeed, I tried, on my sick bed, last year, to read the *Last of the Barons*, and I found that the food was too strong for me. But I read with pleasure at the time some mild stories of everyday life at home, of which I do not now remember a word — stories that take a man placidly just a very little way out of the environs of self, and awaken a calm, genial, sympathetic interest, which is gently stimulating to the system, without disturbing one's rest. Even children's books are sometimes pleasant reading at such times — especially school-boy stories — such, for instance, as Charles Dickens' *Old Cheeseman*; for, in truth, a sick man is little more than a child. At such periods, indeed, there is much pleasure in going back some forty years to one's school-boy days, and wondering what has become of one's old school-fellows — what they have done in the world, what they are like. Some, of course, have turned up at odd times and in odd places, with friendly recognitions; and what delight has there been in the *renovata juvenus* — what wonderful Rest in the interchange of old reminiscences — the revivication of boyish jokes between the Dean, the Queen's Counsel, and the Chief of an Official Department — fondly remembered by each other, with pleasant memories of fair young faces and light agile figures, and buoyant spirits that nothing could check! Such reunions are worth many a hard and toilsome passage in life, and the more so that they commonly come upon us unawares. But I was minded to speak of these blessed reunions, in the spirit, not in the flesh — wishing to say that, when necessitated to cease from labour, and to find some pleasant occupation for the mind, I have often derived, from reminiscences of old times, especially of those embraced by the academic period, infinite solace and repose. At such times, in the life-pauses of illness, or in intervals of broken rest (which, as we grow older, become unfortunately more frequent) I have lived over and over again those blessed periods of

Youth,
When life was luxury, and friendship truth,

and have never become weary of the retrospect. Strange is it that these memories of our early days grow more vivid as we advance in life. Perhaps it is that, as the fiercer excitements of the heyday of manhood subside under the influence of age and infirmity, we live less in the present, and give ourselves more leisure to review the past. Our first affections, out of the family

circle, are commonly given to some school-friend; and though, in after years, our paths may be far apart, and we may lose sight altogether of the first objects of our love, an enduring impression is made upon the heart, which time cannot efface. Perhaps, on the whole, pleasant as are the meetings of which I have spoken, it is best for such school-friends (speaking of them as something distinct from mere school-fellows) not to meet as adults — not to have anything to mar the mind-picture of the bright-faced, supple-limbed boy, all aglow with healthful exercise and innocent excitement, shouldering his bat and walking down to the scorer to learn how many runs he has made. He may have gone the right way, or he may have gone the wrong way. He may have developed into a bishop, or he may have sunk into a sot. In either case, he is not our little Bright-face; and it is a pity that the reminiscence should be spoiled by any disfigurement of mature reality.

It may appear to some, and not unreasonably, that this notion of mine, that for a man, in the full swing of business, to realize anything like an approximation to rest, he must be prostrated on a bed of sickness, is not unlike the idea of Elia's Chinaman, that it was necessary to burn down a house to obtain the luxury of a roast-pig. Perhaps it is. But there is nothing of which I am more assured, in my own mind, than that, in the midst of an over-active, career (I speak of cerebral, not muscular, activities), to be laid aside by no will of your own, but by the ruling of One who better knows what is good for you, may be in your case, as it has been in thousands of other cases, the salvation both of your body and of your mind. If I were the ruling principle of a life-insurance society, I should put the question to the would-be assurer — "When did you have your last illness?" with a view to ascertain the danger rather of unbroken health (or the *simulacrum* of it) than the supposed warnings of occasional attacks of sickness. I should be always suspicious of men who are "never ill." I have seen such men *snap* suddenly, for want of that relief from incessant tension which, to some natures can only come unbidden. The unbending of the bow is forced upon us when we are really sick; and it is bountifully provided in such genuine disorderments, that, with the debility of the body engendered at such times, should come also a corresponding debility of mind, or rather a certain obtuseness thereof, an absence of that sensitiveness to external influences, which is inseparable from perfect, or even slightly impaired, health; and from this

absence of the *vida vis* of other times comes the nearest approach to Rest which active men are capable of enjoying. And next to this, in their salutary effects on overworked man, are the conditions of the Sabbath.

I have spoken incidentally of the Christian's day of rest, and promised to return to the subject. I think with a shudder, sometimes, of what life would be without Sundays — if day after day the great wheel of the world went round with its ceaseless clatter, never a rest in motion, never a pause in sound. These are mere secular essays; they do not aspire even to the dignity of lay-sermons. What am I that I should dare to write otherwise than as a worldling? I speak of the Sabbath only in its original meaning, as a word that signifies *Rest*. And, in this very sense, it is by most men, and ought to be by all, esteemed as the very greatest of all the blessings which the Almighty benevolence has bestowed upon Man. The worst Sabbath-breaker of all is the ingrate who is not thankful when the Sabbath comes round. He may go to Church three times a day, and be austere in all outward observances, but he breaks the Sabbath in his heart if he rejoices when it is over. There are many kinds of worship, and I am humbly disposed to think that the giving of thanks is not the least acceptable of them. If it be true that *laborare est orare*, we are praying during six days of the week, and may devote the seventh to praise. He who thoroughly enjoys his day of rest lives from morning to night in a state of thankfulness to the Almighty; the incense of praise is continually rising from his heart. I do not envy the man who does not hail the advent of Sunday, and rejoice in the Rest which it vouchsafes.

I am not forgetful that among those who have professed this want of appreciation of the great weekly restorative, for which I am so devoutly thankful, once lived and loved one, of whom to write at all is to write tenderly and affectionately: that gentle hero, that Titanic weakling — Charles Lamb. It was not well of him to write in one of the most delightful of his *Essays*: — "I had my Sundays to myself; but Sundays, admirable as the institution of them is for purposes of worship, are for that very reason the worst adapted for days of unbending and recreation. In particular there is a gloom for me attendant upon city Sundays, a weight in the air. I miss the cheerful cries of London, the music and the ballad-singers, the buzz and stirring music of the streets. Those eternal

bells depress me. The closed shops repel me. Prints, pictures, all the glittering and endless succession of knacks and gewgaws, and ostentatiously displayed wares of tradesmen, which make a week-day saunter through the less busy parts of the metropolis so delightful, are shut out. No book-stalls deliciously to idle over. No busy faces to recreate the idle man, who contemplates them ever passing by — the very face of business a charm by contrast to his temporary relaxation from it. Nothing to be seen but unhappy countenances, or half-happy at best — of emancipated 'prentices and little tradesfolk, with here and there a servant maid who has got leave to go out, who, slaving all the week, with the habit has lost almost the capacity of enjoying a free hour, and lively expressing the hollowness of a day's pleasuring. The very strollers in the fields on that day look anything but comfortable." Half-serious, half-sportive, and wholly wrong! It appears to me, too, that there is something of an anachronism in it. Written in the character of the "Superannuated Man," it relates to a past period of existence, when the writer had "a desk in Mincing Lane —" otherwise in Leadenhall Street — and yet it seems to be imbued with the spirit of superannuation, and to express rather the sentiments of the "idle man" than of the busy one. Perhaps he would not have written in this strain whilst he was harnessed to the go-cart of the Accounts' Office of the East India Company. It is surely abundant compensation for the closed book-stalls and the silent hurgurdies, that you can rise in the morning with the delightful sense that there is nothing that you are compelled to do. If it be any luxury to you to lie late a-bed, you may do it. You need not look at your watch every ten minutes, lest you should miss the train (in Mr. Lamb's day it was the coach). You need not grudge yourself an extra quarter of an hour over your breakfast. You need not be disquieted by the thought that you have got your slippers on instead of your boots (in Mr. Lamb's time, the disquieting thought was connected with the buttoning of the gaiters). In a word, you need not be in a hurry. Is this no small thing in itself? Is it not rest — rest from that unceasing battle with Time that we are waging all through the week-days? For my own part, it is the quietude of Sunday that I so much enjoy — the cessation of the postman's rap, of the tradesman call, of the street-cries, of the references to *Bradshaw*. I can sit still when I like, and I have time to be thankful.

It is true that I commonly spend my Sundays a little way in the country, or rather a little way out of town, for in these days of perpetual edification the country is not easily reached. If you pitch your tent where there is a pleasant prospect of green fields and orchards, and you can see the cows grazing from your windows at all times and the apple-blossoms whitening the ground beneath them in the spring and early summer, the speculative builder soon plants opposite to you a steam-engine and a sawing-machine, exorcises houses, with demoniacal rapidity, from the bowels of the earth, and blocks out all of nature but the skies. There is some good, be it said, even in this—for it is a blessing, bountifully tending to Rest, to be suffered to know the worst. When all is done that can be done to your despoite, there is nothing more for you to fear or fidget about; and it is better, perhaps, to know that you can never see those fields and apple-blossoms again from your windows, than to live haunted by continual apprehensions of losing them. We soon get reconciled, as I have before said, to the inevitable. I purpose to say something presently about the Rest that comes from knowing the worst. I am now, when not hindered by my digressional infirmity, writing of the blessed Rest of Sundays. And I was proceeding to say that though now, in spite of the builder, I can sit on Sundays under my vine and saunter among flowers, it has not been always so; and that I have spent years of Sundays in town, under nearly every residential condition known to our middle-class humanity, in comfortable family dwelling-houses, in lodging-house "drawing-room floors," in chambers of Inns of Court, ay, and in the city proper, hard by that so-called "Mincing Lane," whereof Mr. Lamb discourses; and yet I protest that I have never failed to rise from my bed, lighter and happier on Sundays, than on any of the six week-days. Not that I make wry faces at my work. We are upon the very best of terms with each other. Indeed, I might in this case adapt to my own uses the fine old chivalrous sentiment, and say, —

I should not love thee, *Work*, so well,
Loved I not *Sunday* more,

My selfish delight in Sunday is, that I am not compelled to do any work on that day, if I do not wish it, and that I ought not if I would; but there is a joy beyond this in seeing others going out for their Sunday holidays, in their best clothes, looking clean, and bright, and fresh, and whatever Mr. Lamb may say to the contrary, with a keen

sense of the coming enjoyment written on their faces. I like to speculate on what they are going to do, as I see them starting when the morning air is fresh and the sun not very high above the house-tops, wondering whether they are going to see their old parents in the country (mayhap in the Workhouse) or a daughter in service, or only to get a little fresh air away from the smoke of London. And there were other pleasant and suggestive sights as seen from my chamber windows, not the least of which was this:—I was wont to see on Sunday mornings, in the bright summer-time, a little stream of people flowing under an archway from Lincoln's Inn Fields towards Covent Garden, and returning by the same channel. They went empty-handed and they returned full, each one, man or woman, carrying—I might almost write *hugging*—a pot of flowers; a geranium, a fuchsia, a verben, or or some other freely-blossoming plant. It mystified me for some time; but I learnt afterwards that there was an early sale of flowers on Sunday mornings in Covent Garden, and that purchases were to be made more cheaply at that hour than at any other. And it pleased me to think that a part of the wages paid on Saturday evening had been put aside for these Sunday-morning purchases; and though this buying and selling, might, in the eyes of rigid Sabbatarians, be held, in some sort, as a violation of the Fourth Commandment, I could not help thinking that the Recording Angel might well drop a tear upon the page that registered the offence. For the love of flowers, especially in sorely-tried Londoners, is a virtue in itself; and it greatly endangers Rest.

I would recommend every man in the autumn of his life, to take to gardening, if he has not already experienced its pleasures. Of all occupations in the world it is the one which best combines repose and activity. It is rest-in-work or work-in-rest. It is not idleness; it is not stagnation—and yet it is perfect quietude. Like all things mortal, it has its failures and its disappointments, and there are some things hard to understand. But it is never without its rewards. And, perhaps, if there were nothing but successful cultivation, the aggregate enjoyment would be less. It is better for the occasional shadows that come over the scene. The discipline, too, is most salutary. It tries one's patience and it tries one's faith. The perpetual warfare, that seems ever to be going on between the animal and the vegetable world, is something strange and perplexing. It is hard to understand why the beautiful tender blossoms and the deli-

cate fresh leaflets of my rose-trees should be covered with green flies and destroyed as soon as they are born. It is a mystery which I cannot solve—but I know that there is a meaning in it, and that it is all decreed for good, only that I am too ignorant to fathom it. And even in the worst of seasons there is far more to reward and encourage than to dishearten and to disappoint. There is no day of the year without something to afford tranquil pleasure to the cultivator of flowers, something on which the mind may rest (using the word in its double sense) with profit and delight. If there is no new surprise, no fresh discovery for you, there is always something to be done. "The garden is a constant source of amusement to us both," wrote Dr. Arnold in one of his delightful letters—he was writing of himself and wife; "there are always some little alterations to be made, some few spots where an additional shrub or two would be ornamental, something coming into blossom; so that I can always delight to go round and see how things are going on." In the spring and summer there is some pleasure-giving change visible every morning, something to fulfil and something to excite expectation. And even in the winter, flower-culture has its delights. If you have a green-house or conservatory, no matter how small, you have an indoors garden, in which you may watch the same changes and enjoy the same delights. And if you have not, you may still do something to preserve your nurslings during the rigours of the hybernal season. Indeed, there are few states of life, in which floriculture is not an available enjoyment. To rich and to poor it is a blessing equally accessible. "As gardening," it was observed by Sir William Temple, who has had a new lease of life in one of the best of Macaulay's *Essays*, "has been the inclination of kings and the choice of philosophers, so it has been the common favourite of public and private men, a pleasure of the greatest and the care of the meanest; and indeed an employment and a possession for which no man is too high or too low." I am disposed, indeed, to think that to men of low estate it yields greater joys than to those who hail from high places. I have got a little garden about the size of a rich man's dining-table. I am as fond of it, and, when the roses are in bloom, as proud of it, too, as the Duke can be of his world-renowned Chatsworth. I do not suppose that if I could bring as many acres as I please under floral cultivation, and have as many gardeners as I choose to hire, with another Paxton at the head of them, I should de-

rive from them all a tenth part of the enjoyment that is now vouchsafed to me by my little strip of suburban soil. Indeed, in that ducal case, I should not be suffered to garden; I must be gardened for: they would be the gardener's roses, not mine; I should have merely the privilege of looking at them. And it is essential to any real enjoyment of a garden that you should be an autocrat in it, that you should do much of the work yourself, and have a particular knowledge of each individual flower. But there are lowlier gardeners even than I; there are gardens to which my diminutive domain is a Chatsworth—gardens limited to the capacity of a window-sill. I honour those window gardeners, especially those who dwell in towns; in narrow streets or murky alleys; and whose homes are made beautiful by the smiles of the flowers in their windows; gardeners such as I have spoken of above, as seen from my windows in Lincoln's Inn, carrying their gardens in their hands, beautiful off-shoots of the great garden which ever flourishes between Long Acre and the Strand. And even of this window-gardening there are many degrees; descending even down to one delicate plant, reared perhaps from a slip beneficently given by a neighbour, in a fragment of a broken water-jug. There seems to be something of the old *Paradisical* beatitude in these modest cultivations. I saw yesterday, as I journeyed homeward-bound, after my day's work to the station, whence I take train to my suburb, a woman at a second-floor window in Westminster (it is a house ancient and decrepit, doubtless doomed to speedy deletion) amidst a perfect Eden of many-coloured and many-shaped flowers and creepers, picking off the dead leaves here and there. Neither youth nor beauty physically belonged to her; but the picture was not without a suggestiveness of youth and beauty; for the love of flowers keeps the heart young, and the greater the difficulty of indulging that love the greater the moral beauty of success in the cultivation of a purifying taste. I could readily associate with it the idea of a back-ground, behind that festooned window, in which, notwithstanding all the ordinary troubles and disturbances of metropolitan work, there is, at appointed times, a fine air of repose—a soothing benignity of Rest.

But I am minded, having thus spoken of these low strata of floriculture, to return for a little space to the higher. If I were to give way to the inclination to discourse upon this subject, and to illustrate it by examples drawn from ancient and modern history, showing how the greatest men of

all ages have sought and found Rest in the contemplation of fields and flowers—the inexhaustible works of that benignant Nature, which “never doth betray the heart that is her own”—I should require more sheets than I can find pages for my commentary. But I have been recently reading Lord Russell's *Life of Charles Fox*, and I do not know any more beautiful illustration of the love of Rest than is to be found in the story of the great statesman's retirement and the correspondence which accompanied it:—“At a period,” writes Lord Russell, “when the prospects of office nearly vanished from his sight, when calumny loved to paint him as a man of disordered ambition and criminal designs, he was busy in the study of Homer, or lounging carelessly through his garden and expressing to his beloved nephew the full sense of his happiness and content. The trees and the flowers, the birds and the fresh breezes gave him an intense enjoyment, which those who knew his former life of politics and pleasure could hardly have imagined. To the capacious benevolence which longed to strike the chain from the African slave, he joined a daily practice of all the charities of life and a perception of the beautiful in nature, in literature, and in art, which was a source of constant enjoyment. With a simplicity of manners rare in great statesmen he united views the most profound, and a feeling heart which calumny could not embitter, nor years make cold, nor the world harden.” The enjoyment of rest, which he derived from the sights and sounds of nature, from the beauty of the flowers and the songs of the birds, was intense; and with this went hand-in-hand the cultivation of literature, especially in its less laborious forms. He was writing history, but he turned aside to revel in poetry; and from his poetical studies he was diverted, at times, by his inquiries as to the season of nightingale-singing in different parts of the country. But, in the midst of all this, he had his misgivings. He could not help those qualms of conscience which rose up at odd times, and suggested that he ought to be at work again. Take the following from one of his letters in 1795, as illustrative of the great struggle within between the sense of duty and the longing for Rest:—“As to myself, I grow every day to think less of public affairs; possibly your coming home and taking a part in them might make me again more alive about them, but I doubt even that. The bills of this year appear to me to be a finishing stroke to everything like a spirit of liberty; and though the country did show some

spirit whilst they were depending, yet I fear it is only a temporary feeling which they have quite forgotten. I wish I could be persuaded that it is right to quit public business, for I should like it to a degree that I cannot express; but I cannot yet think that it is not a duty to persevere. One may be of opinion that persevering is of no use; but ought a man who has engaged himself to the public to trust so entirely to a speculation of this sort as to go out of the common road, and to desert (for so it would be called) the public service? . . . I think it can scarcely be right. But as for wishes, no one ever wished anything more. I am perfectly happy in the country. I have quite resources enough to employ my mind, and the great resource of all literature. I am fonder of literature every day.”—[*April 12, 1795.*] And again some years later;—“My feeling is this—that notwithstanding nightingales, flowers, literature, history, &c., all which, however, I conceive to be good and substantial reasons for staying here, I would nevertheless go to town if I saw any chance of my going being serviceable to the public, or (which, in my view of the case, is the same thing) to the party; which I love both as a party, and on account of many of the principal individuals who compose it. I feel myself quite sure that this is not now the case; and that if I were to go the best I could hope for would be that I should do no mischief.”—[*April 19, 1801.*] The love of repose, of flowers and singing-birds had grown upon him in the interval, but still ever and anon came goadings of self-reproach, and the much-coveted rest seemed to be continually slipping away from him. Thus, three years afterwards, he wrote:—“I am going up to town to-morrow, to stay I know not how many weeks. I dislike it to a degree you can hardly conceive, but I feel it is right, and resolve to do it handsomely . . . Nightingales not come yet, and it will be well, if I do not quite miss hearing them this spring; but I will do it so handsomely that I hope you will hear from your other correspondents that I have quite turned my mind to politics again, and am as eager as in former days. Pray remember to inquire at what time nightingales usually appear and sing where you are.” [April 9, 1804.] There is something very pleasant in this last touch of nature. The nightingales again! What a change from those soft songsters to the obstreperousness of the House of Commons. There are many, doubtless, whom we are wont, in these days, to think self-seeking and ambitious, because they continue to take part in the

strife of public affairs, even when health and strength are failing and the voice is growing weak. We seldom take account of the sacrifices which they make. How many would give up place and power if they did not feel within them a strong sense of duty, compelling them to listen to the calls of their country. No one who has tried both, doubts for a moment that Literature is more delightful than Politics. What Rest our two great party-leaders must have found in their Homeric studies and translations. What repose must have been the lot of that statesman who wrote the *Life of Fox* above quoted, and that other life, in which he passed from politics to poetry, and manifested as keen an appreciation of the one as of the other. And who can fathom the depths of that intense amusement and recreation which another party-leader, *sui generis*, must have experienced, when he hoaxed and hounded the world by publishing a fashionable novel, intended to satirise the perverted literary taste and to gauge the literary flunkiness of the age? I think it must have added half-a-dozen good working-years to his life. He has achieved many successes, but none equal to this last. I do not say that I applaud it. He had before laid bare the rottenness of party politics, and it was still less pleasant to see the literary criticism of the nineteenth century thus shown to be a pretentious sham. But it will have its uses. My roses are not less sweet because the soil from which they grow is manured with the vilest offal. If this stupendous hoax, which must have shaken the sides of Beaconfield right merrily, should, as we apprehend it will, teach criticism a little more caution and conscientiousness, it will not have been played out in vain.

I have spoken, incidentally above, of the Rest which comes from knowing or suffering the worst—the quiet that follows an explosion. It is like the stillness now succeeding the thunder-storm, amidst which some of these lines have been written in the early morning. Almost every one, in some shape or other has experienced, after a long period of painful doubt and suspense and anxiety—of those fears which cling to you in the day, which haunt your sleep, and oppress you with deadly sickness at the “shuddering dawn”—the infinite relief of the dreaded it having actually come upon you. There is an end, then, of all your strugglings to escape your doom—all your writhings and wrestlings—all the miserable turmoil and excitement of battle with an impending fate. I have heard that men whose business affairs have been in an

embarrassed state for months and years have felt, when the “smash” came at last, a quietude of spirit, a repose of mind, such as they had not felt for a long and weary time. The worst had come; and bankruptcy itself was not so bad as the fear of bankruptcy. I have seen, indeed, with my own eyes, men who had shrunk and shrivelled into an extreme state of tenuity, who had grown pale and wrinkled and careworn, hollow-eyed, and baggared-mouthed, under the pressure of their difficulties, make their appearance, after a little space in the Fleet Prison, or some kindred institution, quite sleek and rosy and bright-faced, jaunty and debonnaire in their manner, ten years younger every way, as though the worst had come upon them and there was nothing now to be feared. Of course, this indicates a certain obtuseness of conscience and want of sympathy with others, in favour of which I have nothing to say. I am only speaking of the Rest that ensues from it having come upon us. I can easily imagine, too, that an offender against the laws of God and man, endeavouring to escape from the pursuing hand of Justice, might feel infinite relief when the hand has been laid on him and he can no longer evade its grasp. I think that wretched Falkland—rare product of the genius of William Godwin—that typical man, vain fugitive from a remorseless and untiring Nemesis, must have rejoiced when the terrible pursuit was at an end. Even death itself has less terror than the perpetual uplooking at the Damoclean sword impending above one's head. It is related in coteremporary annals of the Great Indian rebellion, that, on more than one occasion, there was a sense of infinite relief after the storm had burst, and that, although the mutinous sepoys were everywhere surging around our Christian people, there was less misery in the knowledge of the actual past, than in the vague apprehension of the impending evil.

It was in some mood of this kind that a dear friend, who, with the best intentions in the world, was always in trouble—one of those men who believe every one and everything, who are never to be convinced by any failures or misfortunes, who can never profit by experience or grow wise by suffering; but go on to the end, with un-failing trust in humanity, once wrote, on what he thought the eve of a crisis, which never came after all—for though some friends misled, it cannot be said betrayed him, others were staunch to the last:—

Rest!—Yes; a prison it may be. 'Tis well! I have fought the battle long, and I have lost—

Trusted my friends, and counted not the cost
Of this blind faith in others. So I fell.
And now that I have long been tempest-tost,
I find my haven gladly in a cell.
Water and bread, and just a little light,
And air it may be, and full leave to pray,
And I shall not much care for Man's despite,
Waiting, in God's good time, a better day —
Better to lay one's arms down and to wait,
Than to fight on, sore-spent, all gashed and
gory;

For the time cometh, be it soon or late,
When perfect Rest is link'd with perfect Glory.

I have a few words to say in conclusion. There is something very soothing and solacing, amidst the cares and distractions, the ceaseless goings-to-and-fro of active life, in the thought of some day being able to lay down one's burdens and to cease from the strenuous business to which one has been harnessed for long years — to make over the traces and the collar and the reins, which one has worn so long, and the bit one has champed for nearly half-a-century, — to a younger and stronger horse, and to go out quietly to grass. And yet there are some men who shrink from the thought — who have a vague presentiment that if the harness cease to brace them up any longer, they will fall down by the way-side and die. I think it is a miserable mistake. Every man should listen to the warnings which benignant Nature is continually uttering to him. Whether in the autumn of life we are cautioned now and then to pause,* or whether in the winter of life we are told that the time has come for us to cease altogether from work, we should never reject those promptings. The time must come when younger men will do our work better, and, if we remain still at the grindstone, we shall be little better than cumberers of the earth. Nay, we may be something worse — miserable spectacles of decay, not even stately ruins. Shall we cling thus to a mere mock-

* Whilst I am correcting the proofs of this article, I read in one of the daily papers this gratifying intelligence: — "The Prime Minister is not ill, still less has he suffered what can be called 'a relapse,' however 'slight.' He has simply been conscious that those were right who advised a little rest after recent hard labours, if he wished actually to avoid any return of indisposition which has before been induced by overwork. And so successful has been the resort to repose, that he will probably be in his place again to-day, or at the latest to-morrow, in the full enjoyment of that excellent health which all have noticed recently." Here, indeed, is an example to lesser men. "A stitch in time saves nine," in your constitution as well as in your coat. It is true wisdom to take heed of these slight warnings. The hardest worker in high place that I ever knew, having rejected some timely admonitions of this kind, was mercifully laid aside by a broken head in the hunting-field and compelled to ease from the labour of years. And now he has gone back to the councils of the nation, all the better for that disaster in the field.

ery and make-belief of work — sorry "drivellers and shows" — with dim eyes, and palsied hands and vagrant memories? Let us take our pensions thankfully in good time; let us be content to be superannuated; let us go cheerfully into retirement before people say that we ought to be kicked into it. At the close of life we ought to be left to our repose — to have time to take account of eternity. To work after we have ceased to be good workmen is only to take away so much from the good work already done. We may then reverse the words of the aphorism above cited, and say, "*Orare est laborare.*" We are never too old to pray. Let us be thankful that we have time and rest to do it; and hopefully wait until the summons comes — "Well, done, thou good and faithful servant, enter into thy Rest."

From The Spectator.

PRECIOUS AND CURIOUS STONES.

A SPLENDID collection of jewels, bequeathed to the nation by the Rev. Chauncy Hare Townshend, is now displayed in one of the galleries of the South Kensington Museum. We are sorry we cannot venture to indicate the exact spot where the Townshend collection is to be seen, but as it has been moved thrice in the course of a few months, a fourth place of sojourn may, for aught we know, have been assigned to it before these remarks are in the hands of our readers. However, we are sure that any one lucky enough to find his way to these concentrated treasures of the earth, will thank us for directing attention to such a fascinating series of specimens. For not only is the money value of this gift very large, but its importance is greatly enhanced by the singularity of many of the individual stones, as well as by their general choiceness and variety. The official Catalogue* of these jewels, recently published by the department, is unfortunately in many particulars, an inefficient and untrustworthy guide to the study of the specimens. We shall venture to correct its statements occasionally, even though it is issued with the imprimatur of the Science and Art Department; but one or two of our corrections are merely tentative, owing to the difficulty of identifying the characteristics of specimens by sight only, more

* Catalogue of Curious and Precious Stones. [Townshend bequest.] By James Tennant, F.G.S. London. 1870.

particularly when two thicknesses of glass are interposed.

The diamond demands our first notice. This stone is singular in many respects. It is the only combustible and the only elementary substance which is used as a gem; it is the hardest material known; and its refractive and dispersive powers on light are higher than those of any other precious stone. The Townshend specimens of this gem, eight in number, all of fair, and some of considerable size, well illustrate its natural form, its lustre, and its variations in colour. A beautiful crystal of diamond (No. 1172), one-third of an inch across, shows the singular lustre, well-called adamantine, of the natural faces of the octohedron, its usual form. A black diamond (1173), though opaque, still preserves on its cut surfaces the characteristic brilliancy of the stone. A well-shaped, colourless, brilliant-cut stone (1174) displays very characteristically, in what "jewellers" call its "fire," the combined effects on light of the reflecting, dispersive, and refractive powers of the faceted crystal, and shows what exquisite effects we should lose were all precious stones cut "en cabochon," that is, with a rounded top, as some writers on art have recommended. On the contrary, each kind of gem must be so cut as to develop to the utmost those optical properties on which its peculiar beauty depends; this rule, however, through ignorance, and the desire to turn out as large and heavy a cut stone as possible, is constantly neglected.

The presence of a tint of colour in the diamond lowers its value, unless the tint be quite distinct. Various yellowish shades are the most common, and the least esteemed. Occasionally the yellow tint is rich and lively, as in a superb golden-yellow diamond, circular and nearly half an inch in diameter (No. 1177), in the Townshend series, which also includes a most rare puce-coloured diamond (1178), of lovely tint, two green diamonds, and one of a pale but pleasing blue colour. In speaking of coloured diamonds, we may recall the fact of the disappearance of the famous French blue diamond, not seen since it was stolen in the first Revolution; unless, indeed, it be after all the splendid Hope blue diamond, the best now known. We may also mention here the curious changeable diamond which, though naturally nearly colourless, becomes of a decided pink hue after having been heated, and then gradually fades. This fact was demonstrated before the French Academy of Sciences a short time ago.

The sapphire is well represented by more than twenty specimens of various colours. For it must be remembered that the ruby is merely a red sapphire, and that there are white, yellow, and violet kinds of the same stone, practically identical in hardness, density, and composition. Of the ruby, with its orthodox pigeon's blood colour, and the sapphire, with its rich velvety blue, the Townshend collection includes several excellent specimens, but it is particularly rich in out-of-the-way stones of this species. There are, for example, several star-sapphires and several star rubies, — "asterias" stones, — which display a star of six rays, inclined to each other at an angle of 60 degrees, when seen in sunlight or by a small bright flame. Only stones of inferior clearness show this peculiarity, revealing (when cut across the chief axis and left with a convex polished top) in six lines as of silver wire the secrets of their crystalline structure. The rare violet sapphire (1247) is an exquisite stone; this is the true Oriental amethyst, a name always wrongly used by jewellers for a certain rich and purple-mottled variety of common quartz. The other violet sapphire in this collection looks more like an iolite, an altogether different species. A still more curious variety is salmon-coloured (1260), but a superb yellow specimen (1312), 2-3 in., by 1-2 in., erroneously, as we think, called a topaz, is more remarkable in size and of surpassing golden richness.

We have little to say concerning the emerald and the aquamarine, two varieties, differing in colour, of the stone called the beryl. A square emerald set lozengewise, nearly half-an-inch in diameter, and without a flaw, is a perfect specimen in cutting, lustre, and colour. Some of the paler-coloured beryls and aquamarines are of splendid size, limpidity, and colour, — one, indeed, presents a lustre and tint which recall the rarer blue topaz. It is worthy of record that yellowish and inferior beryls are among the stones which may be artificially improved in colour. By heat they may be made to assume permanently the sea-green or sea-blue tint of the aquamarine.

The chrysoberyl, a compound of alumina and the rare earth glucina, which also occurs in the beryl, is not infrequently found in beautiful and remarkable forms. There are several characteristic specimens of the "golden beryl" in this series; unfortunately, some of them have been assigned to places in the lists of such inferior stones as quartz and olivine. Good ex-

amples of this gem (1194, 1297, 1304) are distinguished by a peculiar greenish-yellow tint, and a high lustre and fire, so that small, well-cut specimens may almost be mistaken for artificial light for diamonds. This stone is, however, inferior not only to the diamond but to the sapphire in hardness, yet in density it exceeds the diamond and all other gems but two. A curious variety of chrysoberyl is one of the three kinds of stones going under the name of catseye, indeed is the most valuable and beautiful of them all. Those catseyes are most prized which are oval in shape, and of a clear yellowish-green colour, and show the *chatoyant* reflection of light, perfectly straight, following the length of the stone. They have greatly risen in favour during the last few years, and specimens will now fetch five pounds which could have been purchased not long since for as many shillings. These peculiar chrysoberyls, from the wave of light which, owing to their internal structure, they reflect to the eye, are called *cymophanes*.

The topaz, a hard and lustrous, but rather brittle, stone, occurs colourless, blue, and of various shades of straw-amber and wine-yellow; the pink topazes (1188), formerly in high esteem, are coloured artificially by heating them to redness. The process known as "pinkings" is thus conducted. The selected stone, which, to yield a favourable result, should be of a rich amber tint, is placed in a crucible and bedded in fine sand; it is then raised very slowly to a full red-heat, and allowed to cool gradually. We have watched a topaz under the process of heating, and suspended in a loop of platinum wire; after the original amber tint has disappeared, the stone becomes perfectly colourless, while the rose-colour gradually, as it were, creeps into it, only as the stone becomes cold.

It is singular that this change of colour is not accompanied by the slightest alteration in the bulk of the stone, it is also curious that all the coloured topazes are less dense than the white ones. No good specimen of a colourless topaz is included in the Townshend collection, but there is a beautiful whiteness about the light reflected from the internal surfaces of such a gem, by which, as well as by its greater hardness, density, and smoothness to the touch, it may be immediately distinguished from quartz or white beryl. Unfortunately, the official catalogue includes four distinct species of precious minerals under the designation of topaz, so that the characters of the stone can only be learned

with confidence from the beautiful suites of specimens in the British Museum or in the Museum of Practical Geology in Jermyn Street.

We must hastily glance at a few of the remaining specimens of this rich collection. The spinel, a compound of alumina and magnesia, now and then approaches, in richness and colour, the ruby (1926, 1327), or the garnet (perhaps 1309, 1317), while, on the other hand, it may be indigo blue, or even black.

The optical qualities of the tourmaline are of remarkable character, but they interfere with its use as a gem. A green tourmaline, for example, if the "table" of the stone is so cut as to be parallel with a face of the original prism, will preserve its grassy tints; but if the table be at right angles with a prismatic face, the stone appears opaque and black, and it is of course only too easy to spoil such a stone, in a less degree, by ignorant or inexact cutting. In Brazil the green tourmaline is said to replace the amethyst as the episcopal ring-stone. Red and blue tourmalines are not often found of perfect transparency and fit for ornamental use. Sometimes a stone shows several tints, — green, yellow, and flesh-red, — in different parts of its length. Black tourmalines, chiefly specimens from Bovey Tracy, in Devonshire, are now and then faceted; it would appear that one (1295) is included in the Townshend collection, which also possesses two fine green tourmalines (1321, 1323), a red tourmaline (1320), and a specimen (1319), which looks much like a blue spinel, but may be correctly catalogued as a blue tourmaline.

Another precious stone which few jewellers can correctly identify is known to mineralogists as the Zircon, but is more commonly termed a jargon if white or greenish, and a jacinth or hyacinth if orange-red. This stone has puzzled the compiler of the official catalogue thoroughly, for he calls one of the Townshend jargoons (1322) a tourmaline, two others (1298, 1305) are ranged with the chrysolites, while neither of the two specimens which he calls jacinths (1306, 1307) can lay claim to be anything more than the spurious jacinth of the jewellers, that is, the common cinnamon-stone, or orange-red garnet. However, something may be urged in excuse for this error, since, till within the last two or three years, our two public collections of minerals, in London, afforded numerous examples of the same mistake. The ancient engraved gems commonly called jacinths are, the writer believes, never jacinths, but always garnets.

The peculiar chemical interest which seemed to attach to the zircon has just been dissipated, for Mr. Sorby, who lately announced his discovery of two new elements in certain zircons, has withdrawn his statement on further inquiry. It is said that the colourless zircon is occasionally richly set in a gold ring, offered in pledge to a jeweller as a diamond, which it really resembles in fire, and then, — never redeemed! Some tinted zircons lose all their colour when heated, suffering at the same time, a considerable contraction in bulk and consequent increase in density.

Chrysolite, or peridot, is a rather soft stone, of pleasant yellowish-green colour; there are five specimens in the Townshend collection (1299 to 1303); the other stones so labelled being either jargoons (1298, 1305) or chrysoberyls (1297, 1304).

The turquoise, though opaque, is usually ranked with precious stones. It is a compound of phosphate and hydrate of alumina; its colour is due to phosphate of copper. A certain kind of fossil ivory, coloured blue by phosphate of iron (not phosphate of copper, as stated in the Catalogue), is occasionally used in jewellery under the name of odontolite, or fossil turquoise, but is inferior in colour and texture to the real mineral.

We must here take leave of these flowers of the mineral kingdom, reminding our readers that we have been obliged by lack of space to say not a word about the gold coronet rings enriched with brilliants in which the Townshend gems are mounted, nor about a large number of the specimens themselves, such as the opals with their fiery and fantastic play of colours, the moonstones with their broad flashes of white radiance, or the agates, chalcedonies, and chrysoprases, with the dozen or so of other minerals which have been used for purposes of ornaments, and placed in various rank among precious or curious stones.

From The Spectator.

LUMP VOTING FOR SCHOOL BOARDS.

IDEAS win their way, in spite of momentary defeats. The great discussion of 1867 on the representation of minorities, in which all the thinkers were on one side and most of the voters on the other, led apparently to very little, to a mere experiment, which, though it has not failed, as its adversaries allege, has not produced the results for which its advocates hoped; but in consequence of that discussion "lump voting," —

of all forms of election that which best secures the minority from oppression, — has been discussed in all the States of the American Union, has become popular, has been adopted into the constitution of one State, and may yet profoundly modify the tyranny of the majority. In England the influence of the debate has already converted statesmen to an immense and, as we believe, beneficial innovation, equal electoral districts with single seats, and has now enabled Government to try an experiment of a most novel and interesting character, — the application of lump voting, or cumulative voting, as it is styled in Parliamentary English, to local elections. The first experiment, it is true, will be confined to a special point, — the election of the new School Boards, — but if it is found successful it will be impossible to limit its application, and Town Councils and Vestries may yet be selected by a scheme intended to secure ideally perfect representation. The new experiment is to be tried under exceptionally favourable conditions. The greatest difficulty in the way of the new School Boards was the probability, amounting in many cases to a certainty, that they would be filled exclusively by men of one caste and one creed, to the exclusion of all minor sects, and of all those useful persons who might desire to devote their time to the work, but were without influence over the majority of the electing body. Great efforts would be made, for example, in all the small towns to secure a majority of Churchmen, and still greater in the large towns to secure a majority devoted to secular education. In the former case, the majority might, partly for peace, and partly for decency, admit a Wesleyan and a Congregationalist; and would probably tolerate a Jew — the Jew holding in practice though not in theory a pedigree creed does not proselytize, and is, therefore, not dreaded — but they would certainly exclude a Catholic, a Unitarian, a Ritualist, or a Broad-Church candidate, and treat the claim of any minor sect like the Swedenborgian, Quaker, Bible Christian, or the like, with silent scorn. One of these sects at all events, the Unitarian, is always backed by the Press, the excluded would be bitter critics, and confidence in the School Boards would be destroyed before they had fairly commenced to work. In the latter case, not only would the religious section of the community be compelled to accept purely secular teaching, but they would be in constant fear lest, having no representatives on the Board, the secular teaching should become secularist. Hence, bitterness as be-

fore. Again, the loss of the individualities, the men with crotchets, or special knowledge, or even special standing, but no popularity, would be very great; and, once found to be general, would diminish the intellectual interest taken in the Boards. Under the system of cumulative voting, however, by which any elector or town councillor is enabled to accumulate all his votes, — to give to one candidate as many votes as there are vacancies, — an individual must be very unpopular, and a religious body very small, to be deprived of all chance; and every creed, therefore, will have its own representative, pledged, at all events, to see that the Conscience Clause is fairly worked, and that fathers who withdraw their children are not exposed to social persecution. The proviso will therefore not only create an impression of fairness of the highest importance to the prestige of the Boards, but it will improve the Boards themselves by introducing into them greater variety of opinion and a wider range of qualifications. So strongly is this consequence felt, that Monday night witnessed the spectacle of an amendment introduced by Lord F. Cavendish, supported by Mr. Fawcett, defended by Mr. Winterbotham, accepted by the Tories, and finally agreed to by Mr. Gladstone, in a speech in which he laid down the principle that where there was not geographical variety sufficient to secure the representation of all opinions, there should be cumulative voting, — a thought which, when once endorsed by the country, would profoundly modify every kind of local election, perhaps cure the greatest of existing evils, — the dominance of a class not only over the municipal bodies, — which is fair enough, as a majority must rule — but over the ideas to be propounded within those bodies. Workmen and shopkeepers must rule the Lambeth Vestry, they being, in fact, the people of Lambeth; but that is no reason why other classes should be silenced, should be deprived not only of the chance of victory by vote, but of the possibility of victory by argument.

The introduction of this principle will be of special importance in London. London, to the disgrace of our national character for common-sense, is still a capital without a government, an anarchical city, a place in which everybody is perpetually paying huge taxes without the slightest idea how, or why, or by whom they are spent, and it has been necessary, therefore, to invent a special machinery for its benefit, a Central School Board to be elected by the whole body of ratepayers. We trust the plan is a tempo-

rary one, and that Mr. Gladstone in a year or two will give us a Council for London; but intermediately there will be danger of a Board elected on some popular cry, probably a cry for unsectarian teaching, a Board of men who will be merely delegates expressing the will of the most numerous class, and as little varied as a London vestry. Cumulative voting will help to avert that danger, and give non-popular men of energy and character some faint chance of securing a hearing within what will be, next to the House of Commons, the most important representative body within the British Isles.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

A SUMMER TRIP IN 1754.

THE general progress of mankind in respect of what we term material civilization is a fact on which we are never tired of commenting. Perhaps we are too apt to imagine the rate of that progress continuous, and to forget by what extremely irregular steps, or rather jumps, humanity has in truth achieved its advance. Little more than four centuries ago there was no such thing as the Press: all knowledge was transmitted and preserved in manuscript, and without the aid of any single mechanical contrivance for aiding labour which had not been equally enjoyed by the ancient Greeks and Romans. Two or three working men in different places hit on the notion of printing, first with blocks and then with movable types; and, in a hundred years more, the world was almost as completely at the command of the press as it is now: for the pamphleteer of the sixteenth century was nearly as productive and powerful as the journalist of our day. So in the art of locomotion: men crawled on the surface of the earth and sea by the help of animal and wind power in the year 1800 precisely as they had done since the beginning of things. Fulton and Stevenson did not improve an existing age; they inaugurated a new one. To the mob of our summer tourists who are now preparing to scatter themselves over every available portion of Europe and its neighbourhood to which Napoleon and Frederick William will allow them entrance, it may be amusing to look back for a moment to the manner in which an unfortunate Englishman in search of health had to accomplish a similar achievement very little more than a hundred years ago. This is recorded by Fielding, the novelist, in his latest work, his "Voyage to Lisbon."

Poor Fielding was suffering under a com-

plication of disorders — gout, jaundice, dropsy — concerning the details and treatment of which he is communicative to a disagreeable extent, when his doctors, as a last resource, recommended a visit to Lisbon for the winter. He was to set out at midsummer, an arrangement which seems to show that it was thought necessary to allow plenty of time for such an undertaking. He took his passage on board a brig from London commanded by a personage who "had been captain of a privateer, which he chose to call being in the King's service, and thence derived a right of hoisting the military ornament of a cockade over the button of his hat. He likewise wore a sword of no ordinary length by his side, with which he swaggered in his cabin, among the wretches his passengers, whom he had stowed in cupboards on each side." He paid £30 for the passage of a party of six persons, servants included. After four days' delay off Wapping — the captain, notwithstanding divers excuses, was in truth only waiting for the chance of more freight — he started, with wind and tide, on June 30, 1754, and was overhauled next day at Gravesend by the Customs authorities, with whom, of course, he quarreled, and gave them, as a magistrate, much sound advice. At three o'clock on July 2 the brig came to anchor in the Downs, two miles off Deal, "the wind being full in our teeth." Here they remained four days, communication with the land being rendered all but impossible, not by the weather, but by the extortions of "those monsters," the Deal boatmen, who "consider the distresses of a wretched seaman, from his being wrecked to his being barely wind-bound, as a blessing sent among them from above, and calling it by that barbarous name." On the sixth they had a chance of getting away; but just then, "a small sloop, rather than submit to yield us an inch of way, ran foul of our ship and carried off her bowsprit." After this further detention, the unlucky vessel made slow way for a day or two along the Sussex coast, and on the 11th a strong wind came on from N. N. W., when the east end of the Isle of Wight, was a little ahead of them. "The captain swaggered, and declared he would keep the sea; but the wind got the better of him, so that about three he gave up the victory, and making a sudden tack stood in for the shore," passed by Spithead and Portsmouth, and came to anchor at "a place called Ryde, in the island!" In this "place called Ryde" the unhappy voyagers were detained for eighteen days. They took lodgings on shore, and the ignoble history of their tribulations

in these lodgings, and of the extortion and starving which they underwent from a certain Mrs. Francis, the mistress of the establishment, fills up a dreary third part of the "Voyage," though by no means unenlivened with flashes of Fielding's own irresistible humour. Sick and in fact dying as he was, the author of "Joseph Andrews" and "Jonathan Wild" was still himself. Ryde, in natural attractions, he thought, "one of the pleasantest spots in the kingdom," was as destitute of the common conveniences of cockney life as one of the Shetlands at the present day.

Between the sea and the shore there was, at low water, an impassable gulf, if I may so call it, of deep mud, which could be neither traversed by walking nor swimming. So that for near one-half of the twenty-four hours Ryde was inaccessible by friend or foe. But as the magistrates of the place seemed more to desire the company of the former than to dread that of the latter, they had begun to make a small causeway to the low-water mark, so that foot passengers might land whenever they pleased. But as this work was of a public kind, and would have cost a large sum of money, at least ten pounds, and the magistrates — that is to say, the churchwardens, the overseers, constable, and tything man, and the principal inhabitants — had every one of them some separate scheme of private interest to advance at the expense of the public, they fell out among themselves, and after having thrown away one-half of the requisite sum, resolved at least to save the other half.

Such were the auspicious commencements of Ryde Pier. As for domestic accommodation, "Mrs. Francis, being summoned, declared there was no such thing as mutton to be had at Ryde. When I expressed some astonishment at their having no butcher in a village so situated, she answered they had a very good one, and one that killed all sorts of meat in season — beef two or three times a year, and mutton the whole year round; but that it being then beans and pease time he killed no meat, because he was not sure of selling it!" In these promising quarters poor Fielding and family had to remain, the wind declaring itself dead against their enterprise. The captain thought himself "bewitched," and arrived at the conviction that Mrs. Francis was the diabolical agent of the mischief. Some little polite attention from a neighbouring lady was the only circumstance which convinced the traveller that "we were not on the coast of Africa, or on some island where the few savage inhabitants had little of human in them besides their form."

Off at last, past St. Helen's and round the

back of the island, and on the 29th of July off Portland; but on that evening the wind "showed the captain a dog's trick, and slyly slipped back again to his summer-house on the south-west." And now the persecuted commander seems to have lost all reckoning of time and place, until one Morrison, the carpenter, "the only fellow that had sense or civility in the ship," declared "that he beheld land very near, which he believed to be Derry Head!" They stood into Torbay accordingly, where they were again detained for nearly a week. This time, however, Fielding bore his lot with more patience. He could not land, chiefly because the captain discovered "the utmost aversion to sending his boat on shore—an aversion which was the result of experience that it was easier to send men on shore than to recall them." They were certain to fall a prey to the attractions of "certain houses, well furnished with cordial liquors, whose chief livelihood depends on providing entertainment for the gentlemen of the jacket." Whence Fielding digresses, after his manner, to the story of the "Odyssey." "By this allegory I suppose Ulysses to have been the captain of a merchant ship, and Circe some good alewife who made his crew drunk with the spirituous liquors of those days."

Though detained on board, however, the travellers could get ample supplies of articles which made up in poor Fielding's mind for many privations: clouted cream, "cyder of that which is called Southam," and above all excellent and abundant allowance of such noble fishes as a Devonshire applicant may in vain seek for at the hands of the Brixham fishermen of our day, all under contract for London—very large soles at fourpence a pair, whittings of almost a preposterous size at ninepence a score, and above all the admirable John Dory, then unknown east of Torbay. "It left me under no other surprise than how the gentlemen of this county, not greatly eminent for the delicacy of their taste," had discovered its excellency over all other fish. He fancied, however, that the discovery was really owing to an accidental visit of Quin, the epicure, to Plymouth.

The elements at last relaxed in favour of the travellers, and about ten days more—six weeks in all from the Thames—saw Fielding and his party safely landed at Lisbon from an expedition which the Argonauts could hardly have accomplished in a more primitive fashion or with less of comfort.

A FRENCH paper says that, according to the accounts of the harvest received from all parts of France by the Minister of Agriculture the average yield of rye and corn will be about a fourth less than usual. France will therefore have enough for her own consumption. The different provincial journals confirm this news. The *Echo du Tarn* says:—Almost all the corn in our country is already cut. The ears are fine and very full in rich soils; feebler and short in light and chalky soils. On the whole, the harvest is good; there is much grain, and more than the average yield of straw. The wheat is being reaped in the mountains of the Lyonnais under favourable circumstances, the weather being dry and fine. If the harvest is not very abundant it is at least gathered in without the loss of a single sheaf, which is not the case in a rainy season. From Tonneins (Lot et Garonne) it is reported that the hemp and tobacco are suffering from the drought. The harvest of wheat is satisfactory; there is little straw, but fine grain. The vine looks well. About Villeneuve the dry weather causes the plums to fall from the trees. Never within the memory of man, not even in 1856, has the Loire been so low as at this moment. Shoals appear everywhere which have never been seen

before, and navigation is almost impracticable. The *Journal de Honfleur* announces the arrival of four steamers laden with grain. When the cargo was unloaded on the quay the sacks of oats piled on one another formed heaps thirty feet high in some places. In consequence of the want of forage the Minister of War has decided that oats shall be substituted for the usual even-
ing ration.
Pall Mall Gazette.

SLEEP.

COME, Sleep! tho' image thou of Death most meet,

Yet on my couch for thy embrace I sigh! —
Come then, nor soon depart! — for 'tis most sweet,

Thus without life to live, thus without death to die.

Life, — yet no pain of living, — oh, how sweet!
Death, — yet no sting of death he fears or knows

Whose eye thou closest, — in his bosom meet
The bliss of being and the grave's repose.
Spectator. H. J. R.

From The Spectator.

WHY ENGLAND OUGHT TO FIGHT FOR BELGIUM.

THE country has decided to defend Belgium, even if attacked by Prussia and France in combination, and the country has decided rightly. It has been guided mainly by an instinctive sense of its duty and its interest, by a feeling which it could no more analyze than a ploughman could analyze the reason why his eye shuts to keep out a glare; but reason will only deepen the resolve which instinct has suggested to be wise. One of the very few cases has arisen in which it is better for a great people to be beaten, and to endure the all but unendurable consequences of defeat, than to shrink from the duty to be done. We do not lay quite so much stress as some of our statesmen probably will do upon the bare fact of the guarantee we gave in '31 and repeated in '39, for '39 is a long while ago, and we have guaranteed many things in our history which, from effluxion of time, or change of circumstances, or modifications in opinion, we certainly should make no effort to secure; but the Treaty of England with Belgium is one which we are bound in honour to enforce. We not only made it in this generation, but we have been informally renewing it ever since. There never has been a time within all those years when the English Government and Parliament, and Press has not publicly assumed, as one of the fixed facts of politics that England would arm to preserve the independence of her little ally. The political existence of Belgium has all that while been dependent upon a belief which we have officially and non-officially encouraged, that in the one dangerous contingency we should stand her friend, — and that contingency has at last arisen. We are face to face with our obligation; it is the very obligation we agreed to fulfil, and there is no want of entreaty from the weaker party that we should proceed to fulfil it. Belgium has done nothing to invalidate the compact, has given no provocation, has shirked no duty, has exerted every power she has to make our task lighter, has remained from first to last what we hoped she would become — a free, progressive, orderly little State, only tempting to invaders because of her freedom, her progress, and her prosperity. Every conceivable circumstance which could make an agreement binding exists in the case of Belgium. Our contract was made with eyes open, it has never been rescinded, formally or informally; we possess the power to fulfil it, and even if our interests were more obscure,

our duty would be manifest, and must be performed. For thirty years the independence of Belgium has made prosperity more possible in Britain, by diminishing the insurance we must otherwise have kept up; and to desert her now is to receive premiums for a generation, and then evade on false pretences payment of the money insured. As it happens, however, it is our interest to pay. With Antwerp in the hands of a great military and naval power, splendidly organized, prompt to sudden enterprises, and utterly unscrupulous — a power such as France would be if Napoleon won the Rhine — we should not, indeed, be doomed — for long before we are doomed we will try what the world can do against the united Anglo-Saxon race — but we should be compelled by external danger to modify all internal institutions, to remodel ourselves into an army, to establish a conscription, to double our taxation, to engage with eager personal anxiety in every Continental intrigue which threatened to set loose our most dangerous foe. The pressure of France upon our policy, our taxation, our internal advance, always severe, would be doubled, and we should be compelled to ease the burden by maintaining costly, anxious, and it might be most immoral, alliances. We should be bound to alliance with Germany and peace with America by fetters we dare not break; should shiver whenever the *Times* attacked a Bonaparte, and go through a panic whenever the Foreign Office of Paris sent us a cold reply. The mere cost of such faithlessness in cash would, in a few years, be greater than the cost of fidelity; while the cost in character, in independence, and in the best results of our insularity would be incalculable. Antwerp must not be French, even if this were all; and this is nothing to the loss we should sustain upon another side. Our historic position would be gone. If we abandon Belgium, the one European spot not our own which the Continent expects us to defend, we must recede from the Continent for ever, must retire from our place in the civilized family of mankind, and either sink into the position of a larger and more pauperized Holland — a Holland full of great estates and people with too little to eat — or confine ourselves to the task of civilizing Asia; sink, as it were, without willingness and without ennobling faith, from statesmen into missionaries. No one will trust us, for we shall have broken an obligation we acknowledged because it was inconvenient to fulfil it. No one will fear us, for we shall have skulked our duty out of sheer cowardice in the one case in which

our interests and our duty combine to make a demand upon our manhood. No one will like us, for how it is possible to like the cordial friend whose words are so smooth, and who is sure to run away? — and no one will respect us, for we shall be of those who are weak, not from want of strength, but from feebleness of heart. If ever there was a State which had reason to dread such a position, it is ours. Already the conditions of existence here are becoming too hard. Already life is becoming too grey, too arduous, too wanting in peace, and enjoyment, and imaginative charm. Let us but cease to be England, let us forfeit our history, abnegate our position, surrender that charm of prestige by which we are still protected, which still makes us feel ourselves a separate and a mighty people, which still colours lives otherwise drab, and still soothes imaginations which otherwise would be diseased from incessant contemplation of our social evils, and what is there to keep us here? What forbids us to transport ourselves, our wealth, our energies, our traditions in an ever-increasing stream to swell the resources of the mighty and kindred people across the Atlantic, — to repeat on a wider scale the Irish process, till there is left of England nothing save an historic tradition, and an island Germany may annex for the sake of its subterranean wealth? Of all races under heaven, ours is the one which can least stand up against the loss of self-respect. We are proud of our respectability. Is there one of us who does not know the wretched, purposeless, pulseless, degraded being an Englishman is who has lost it? We are proud of our soldiers; ask any old officer what an English regiment is like when it has run away. We are proud of our women; look at the soulless drab who, for any reasons, be it only misery or loss of caste, has ceased to be proud of herself. We, of all races on the earth cannot descend; and if we skulk from the side of Belgium now, when she, with all her powerlessness, is not skulking, we shall descend as no race ever descended, — in the fulness of strength, voluntarily, and from physical fear.

But are we able to do our duty? We are thirty millions of Anglo-Saxons, as closely packed as any army on its march;

possessed of every requisite for war in profusion; so reproductive that we are filling continents; so rich that our waste is a by-word in the world, and the loss of half our wealth would probably make us happier; so capable of organization, though as a nation not organized, that every undertaking we attempt succeeds, and that we rule ten times our own numbers; with a fleet in such order that we have time for any experiment or any effort, — and we ask if we are able. Ask the Yankees if they would face the Continent rather than surrender their greatness, present and to come? What stops our making an army except ourselves, or organizing ourselves like Germans except our indolence, or fighting on our own system for a time no other people could endure except our love of luxury and comfort? We can do what any nation can do, more, if our history may be trusted, than any nation can do; but we will not even press that argument. We can, at all events, be beaten, instead of skulking before defeat. Are there no occasions on which it behoves a nation to do its duty without fear, and leave the consequences in the hands of the Providence it has obeyed?

These are "extreme" views, we know, and we put them forward as extreme views, holding it sometimes good for a people to look the worst full in the face; but practically, what is it that in the worst event, the invasion of Belgium by a triumphant Bonaparte, is demanded of us? To sacrifice, say for two years, our surplus wealth — our savings — and give up to slaughter as many citizens as we now yearly give up to emigration. That is the whole of the demand, pressed home in its most brutal form; and we contend it is a smaller demand than that which is made upon us by those who bid us retreat, a loss less than that which would follow the loss of our self-respect. There is never any lack of men among us when active work is to be done; the single necessity is money. Two millions more a year will keep our Navy in possession of the seas, twenty will keep at any point of the Continent an army of 80,000 men perpetually renewed. Is there any State in Europe which for five years would maintain unexhausted a war against that force?